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# Esquire

## CALIFORNIA VS. THE U.S.A.

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CELESTIAL RHYTHMS VS. JIMMY CARTER'S PURITAN ETHIC

"...of the  
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"I, Jerry Brown, am in harmony  
(buzz word) with that..."



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**BUIK**  
**A little science.  
A little magic.**

# Esquire

FEBRUARY, 1978

VOLUME 89 No. 2 WHOLE No. 531

### THE NEW CIVIL WAR

63 California vs. the U.S.  
An Insider's View of Jerry Brown

Richard Reeves  
J.D. Tippins

### ARTICLES

68 Conflict of Interest: A Growing Problem for Couples Eleanor Roosevelt  
69 Friends John Gregory Dunne  
96 What You Need To Know About Investing Andrew Tobias  
That Your Broker Won't Tell You  
104 Looking for Jesh Gibbons William Broyles Jr.

### FEATURES

70 Men and Their Libraries Suzanne Shiell  
76 Breaking the Top Shelf  
92 Show Her You Love Her  
120 Doctors and Company Peter Bogdanovich

### TRAVEL

68 Costa Convalescence George Lang

### FICTION

111 The Education of Hayman Jacobs Robert Greenfield

### FASHION

84 Run, Bill, Run . . . Sweet, Beggs, Sweet

### DEPARTMENTS

8 Media: Richard Reeves—Fidelity and the Fourth estate  
17 The Lawyer: John Sloss—A pointed discussion of punctuation  
22 Getting Away: Stephen Embree—The best golf courses in the United States . . . But you can play!  
26 Recordings: Albert Goldstein—The Six totally unexpected rock  
32 Booklog: The view from within  
34 Outdoors: Goeffrey Norman—The sportman's midwinter dilemma  
36 Sports: Ray Blanton Jr.—One on one with the N.B.A.'s probable Rookie of the Year  
50 Books: Alfred Kozin—Sonata is not a comedy  
52 The Sound and the Fury—Letters from our readers

Peter Cavin, page 109  
Cover painting by Julian Allen

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# RICHARD REEVES MEDIA

Fallibility and the fourth estate

A journalism review, Mine, called me the other day and asked whether I had made "any blunders" in a distinguished career. Yes, I had. What was the biggest one? Well, in 1968, on the front page of The New York Times, I predicted that Nelson Rockefeller would announce in two days that he was a candidate for President. He didn't do it.

For years I have been holding up sheepish for years. But no one has ever mentioned the mistake, or series of mistakes, that I most regret and that did the most damage. At about the same time, I was the city-hall bureau chief of The Times and wrote, or loosely supervised, the coverage of Mayor John Lindsay's fiscal misappropriation—gimmicks that pushed New York City into fiscal deficit financing. Specifically, I took a generally favorable view of his plan to shift non-employee salaries from the city's operating budget, which had to be balanced by law, to the capital budget, which was essentially a listing of construction bond issues. In other words, New York began borrowing to meet its daily expenses with the approval of The Times and the rest of the industry.

There are mistakes and mistakes, and they are usually a part of professional journalism. The New York Times and other respectable newspapers should run a banner across the top of page 1 saying something like: "We estimate today's newspaper is 80% newsgathering accurate." That would be an good start. We are talking, after all, about snapshots, the silly pictures of complicated events that generally competent reporters can put together before seven each night—the pictures transmitted often depend on who answers your phone call that day.

My impression is that many well-informed people—some of them practicing press critics—do not understand that that is how it works. And general understanding is not helped by newspapers' new fashion of presenting "corrections" boxes. First, those little boxes contain mistakes, not mistakes. Second, those little boxes are little boxes because, on many papers, there is a formal or informal quota on the number of corrections that will be run each day. That puts the pressure to keep corrections



down comes from reporters who would rather intimidate a source into not complaining than have to admit publicly in their editorials that they screwed up. To get a correction, the reporter has to write a memo to the big boss explaining how he made the mistake. Who needs that?

So, if you read the corrections box, for instance, The Washington Post, you get the impression that you are dealing with an almost infallible institution. On November 4, 1977, this was all the Post could find wrong with itself.

It was inaccurately reported as yesterday's Washington Post that dictation is a radioactive isotope of hydrogen.

"On Oct. 23, The Washington Post reported that Rep. John Brademas (D-Ind.) 'was one of many members of Congress' who often 'are official allies' to big business for constituents. Records show that Brademas has lied and offered allowances to big business on only one occasion."

That was it. Two mistakes—which were more than The New York Times listed the same day.

The big ones—mistakes—will hit history down up. Which is why I would recommend a book called *Big Story* (Westview Press, \$50) to anyone seriously interested in the function and functioning of the press in late-twentieth-century America. The book—1446 pages in two volumes—is subtitled "How the American Press and Television Reported and Interpreted the Crisis of Tet 1968 in Vietnam and Washington." The author is Peter Braestrup, who is now editor of publications for the Wood-

row Wilson Center for International Scholars at the Smithsonian Institute and who was a correspondent in Vietnam and Washington for The New York Times and then The Washington Post.

The work's purpose, stated in its concluding paragraphs, is to promote "a strong awareness of the limited capacity of journalism to provide the public with broad knowledge on short notice."

On level, the book is the rather extraordinary story of many men and women who were correspondents of the major American news organizations—desperately trying to make sense of sixty days of hell, from January 30 to March 31, 1968, as the Vietnamese and North Vietnamese attacked and withdrew across seven hundred miles of South Vietnam. On another level, it is a close analysis of the accuracy and impact of the millions of words published and broadcast in the United States during those days by the then television networks, the Associated Press and United Press International, Time and *Newsweek* magazines, The New York Times and The Washington Post.

So, on January 30, at 7:37 p.m. (EST), and for almost twenty-four hours thereafter, the AP reported "The Vietnam sound part of the U.S. Embassy in Saigon" with Wednesday... Correspondent emeritus penetrated the supposedly attack-proof building.

On February 25, Douglas Kader of NBC, who had been in Vietnam for less than two weeks and did not speak Vietnamese, reported: "Then

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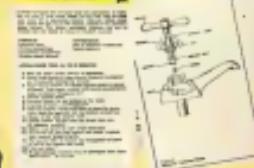
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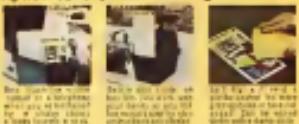
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before those city attacks, the South Vietnamese people were in retreat from the war . . . Most of them have little or no motivation . . They're tired of military rule, they're weary of this war.

On March 3, Chalmers M. Roberts of The Washington Post, who was not in Vietnam at all, wrote: "The South Vietnamese have demonstrated what more and more has been the fear in Washington. With some exceptions, they lack aggressive will to fight for their country."

Was any of that true? No, says Brasfield. The Vietnamese communists never got tanks embassy buildings; the American press never understood the carnage, or lack of it, of the South Vietnamese, and it rarely reported that, in general, the South Vietnamese fought well during Tet.

He concludes that these mistakes and others—particularly an overemphasis on the safety of a U.S. Marine base at Khe Sanh—initiated and perpetrated a false impression that the oriented eastern press establishment to force rapid American withdrawal from Vietnam and generally to reverse national policy.

Brasstrail India and documents a mistake in the general overcharge of the Marlines and usage for as many as seven days at the Bush and in unusual comparison with the final

I happen to disagree with some of the details of Brassey's analysis. I don't think it made a lot of difference, for example, whether the Viet Cong snipers and anti-vehicle roadside ordnance had been laid down or not during the ground war. In fact, the event—not the ever-aggravated escalation at home. The invasion came just after Johnson and General William Westmoreland had gone around the country giving positive assurances that the North Vietnamese and Vietcong were militarily impotent. Yet, victory or defeat, expected America's leaders said, or said.

Also, I stand in awe of some of the reporting described in the book; it certainly made my eighty-seven-year-old standard stand up. But my opinion, or Brautigan's, is not that important. What counts is that the information is there for any reader to make an informed judgment.

If there are any readers Only 22-40 parts of the book were printed by Westview Press of Boulder, Colorado, after several New York publishers turned it down. The research made available is superb journalistic work, like Bush was made a dramatic increase of the entire war, and the awesome possibility of another Doomsday was cited almost to the end." The suggestion of mistakes and

ders House, a New York-based establishment-oriented foundation.)

Whether or not it turns out to be commercial in an Anchor Press abridgement, Braestrup's work is striking because it focuses on the press as an institution—and on the inevitable editorial considerations and mechanics of that institution. It sees the press as it really is, not as it is imagined to be by outsiders.

"Members of the Johnson and late, Nixon administration and their supporters," writes Leonard R. Sussman of Princeton House. In the book's introduction, "changed that segments of the American press effectively dictated Vietnam news, then and later. In light of such changes, our study sought, among other things, evidence of an alleged conspiracy, presumably by the [then] powerful eastern press establishment, to force rapid American withdrawal from Vietnam and generally to reverse national policy."

Immergut's analysis concludes that there was no such conspiracy. Rather, he finds it Tel as illustrating 'extreme case' of the major media being overwhelmed by the impact of dramatic but complex events on traditional professional habits, Unification, and reactions to crisis. Ideology, he concludes, played a minor role in shaping the resulting distortions.<sup>2</sup>

Braunstein lists documents available in the general bibliography of the Marines under usage for as many as seven days at the Ba Binh and in specimen comparisons with the final defeat of the French in Vietnam after the siege of Dien Bien Phu. He reports that despite low Marine casualties and the questionable strategic importance of the battle, the Ba Binh accounted for twenty-five percent of television coverage of Tet, eighteen percent of the photographs in The New York Times and The Washington Post, and one third of all newsreels' Vietnam pictures.

During the period, four of the *National* photographs showed downed American planes, which happened to be the total number of planes downed by the North Vietnamese during the siege. Magazines and TV had photographed the same.

"The stage was unique, an aberration," writes Susanna. "Nowhere else in Vietnam in 1965-68 did both sides keep troops in one place for so long. Because it served journalistic ends, like Saigon was made a dramatic microcosm of the entire war, and the press was free to do what it wanted. There

The suppression of insurrections and

...are part of the reason that Americans, including recent Presidents and Vice-Presidents, resistingly avoid public events in our media-hoovered time. The press is simply another powerful institution that generally operates to serve its own needs and prestige as well as ours. In that context, I would suggest, for instance, the Justice office may...

Bert Lance was probably finished. President Carter and his press secretary, Joey Powell, challenged the press to show that anything the right ledger had done was illegal and unethical. They dared us to get enough effect forcing us to prove it could do it in order to maintain our position in the American press line. And we did maintain that position, not as much by proving Lance was a crook but by going over his books. The press simply refused to report on anything the Carter White House was doing or trying to do. Bert Lance was removed. We had the power to construct the President's dialogue with the nation—and we used it. During the Lance affair, Paul Korchak, the Washington City Paper, had a jelling little joke, a running gag, "I'd like to ask you about Bert." And said, "Fuck God, you're really getting to something important, something besides Lance." And another reporter said, "Dear Bert, you're books in the basement."

The general ignorance about how to present an argument to a committee of peers is remarkable in a business as one professional says. "Since public opinion is supposed to be the prime mover in decision, one might reasonably assume to find a vast literature. One does not find it. There are excellent books on government and the parties, and so on, as the machinery that is used to register public opinion after they are formed. But on the sources from which public opinion comes, on the processes by which they are derived, there is relatively little."

Walter Leppmann wrote that in 1959: The only difference today is that the sources and processes are more complex. \*

and, as far as possible, to make the best use of the available labour force. The Government has also undertaken some further steps to increase production by the extension of the area under cultivation, by the introduction of new varieties of seeds, and by the use of fertilizers. The Government has also taken steps to increase the production of food grains by the extension of the area under cultivation, by the introduction of new varieties of seeds, and by the use of fertilizers.



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# "Liza introduced us to white rum and soda at an Andy Warhol party."

We first met Liza Minnelli at a party Andy Warhol gave for his magazine "Interview." What amazed us about her was that the personality she projects on stage is not an act at all. It's simply Liza. She radiates such warmth and enthusiasm that after an hour of conversation we both felt as if we'd known her all our lives.

During the evening I asked Liza if I could get her a drink and she ordered something I'd never tasted before: white rum and soda. It sounded interesting (Liza has a way of making everything sound interesting) so I tried one. Then my wife tried one. From that moment, white rum and soda has been one of our favorite drinks.

White rum also mixes marvelously with tonic, is fantastic with orange juice and makes a better martini than gin or vodka.

A Warhol party, the start of a friendship with Liza Minnelli and an introduction to white rum.

Not bad for one evening.

## Convert yourself.

Instead of summarily ordering vodka and soda, try white rum and soda next time. You'll find it makes a smoother drink than vodka (or gin) for a very good reason. Unlike gin and vodka, white rum is aged for at least a full year before it's bottled. And when it comes to smoothness, aging is the name of the game.



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# THE LANGUAGE

A pointed discussion of punctuation

In the writing, and even in the speaking, of good English, there is a silent partner: punctuation. Except as a pause, it is not audible (sure when Victor Borge does a number on it), but it makes for basic clarity and can provide the greatest shades of meaning. In its first capacity, then, it is first capacity, then, it is a valuable policeman, everling about in the flow of prose; in its second, a good stage director supplementing the playwright's cast with the weight of implication. And it is today in as bad shape as any other aspect of the English language—possibly worse.

Look at how short punctuation flourishes everywhere. Have you noticed, for example, how many letters nowadays begin with "Dear X," when "Dear X." or "Dear Mr. X." would be correct? This was, when people knew that a sentence is really a unit of place where commas are unnecessary to attend to a message, some people once knew that the comma is followed by a comma, although the colon provides, at the beginning of a more formal sentence, the commas' necessary punctuation, in my opinion, break. It is, in fact, exactly safe not to interfere reading a letter that follows up the addressee's intonation with a comma. Nothing intelligent is likely to be contained therein.

Take a particularly chilling example of ignorance coupled with moral cowardice, which was communicated to me by Mr. Ray Russell of Beverly Hills; he was fairly regularly catching out the Los Angeles Times in erroneously substituting single open quotation marks for apostrophes. Thus, on June 28, 1977, he found the headline *SOPH N' SALAR*, which should, of course, have read *SOPH 'N' SALAR*. On August 25, 1977, another headline read a *QSONN 'N' EASY ENTR'DO-STYLE MEAL*, in which, by the way, "enclosed-style" is rather questionable, too. What the Times' editor did not seem to understand was that the apostrophe, like other dashes, requires a double-letter stroke; therefore, single quotation marks render the apostrophe in books, it can do no such thing. Thus it is *SOPH 'N' SALAR* that would have properly indicated the full, enclosed nature of the "SOPH."

When Mr. Russell politely wrote to various editors of the paper, none

"It's"  
"It's"

of them did not even have the courage to answer. Finally, a reply came from the executive news editor of the View section, which had been conspicuously guilty of the particular misdeemeanor. The editor, Dan Alpert, began by dropping in an ancient and feeble joke (about not knowing what an apostrophe does) from one's aristocratic past: "Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die." But read it close and that's another story:

Edwardian occasions natal,  
Imperial banquet etc.—  
"Kill not the king, 'tis good to  
Fear the world."  
Unquestioned as it is, this shall it  
be.  
"Unquestioned," i.e., unquestioned. It was—and will it Edward's life! The editor assumed the full interpretation to be correct.

The problem today is not only poor teaching of punctuation, of course, but also teacher opposition to the thorough teaching of it. An article in the spring 1974 issue of *The Florida FL Reporter* cites a splatulus for teachers of freshman composition stating that personal "recognition of the uses of punctuation, spacing, and sentence construction should be emphasized." Comment the writer: "In as early as 1968, the National Council of Teachers of English proposed that institutions discontinue against punctuation?" Demanding that a student write correctly seems to be equally understandable as is the danger of becoming illegible?

Everyone can adduce examples of mere or less disastrous misunderstand-

ings between them and their definitely different functions." I do not wish to push the moral point too far, but it gives one—borders soup—related food for thought to realize that others who commit such grave errors are the very ones who shirk off their responsibilities with silence or doubletalk.

Do not neglect the costly error of considering punctuation unimportant. Your life may depend on it. Certainly the life of King Edward II was by a means Mortimer, his enemy, met Edward's judgment on an ambiguous letter—but let me tell it in Kit Marlowe's words:

This letter, written by a friend  
of ours,  
Contains his death, yet hale  
than am I life  
Edwardian occasions natal,  
Imperial banquet etc.—  
"Fear not to kill the king, 'tis  
good he die."  
But read it close and that's  
another story:  
Edwardian occasions natal,  
Imperial banquet etc.—  
"Kill not the king, 'tis good to  
Fear the world."  
Unquestioned as it is, this shall it  
be.

## *My photographs... life's moments held suspended in time.*

*Special moments in life mean so much. But in case you could never forget them, But, time moves so steadily forward, and even the most precious of moments fade into distant memories. Only photographs can keep them alive.*

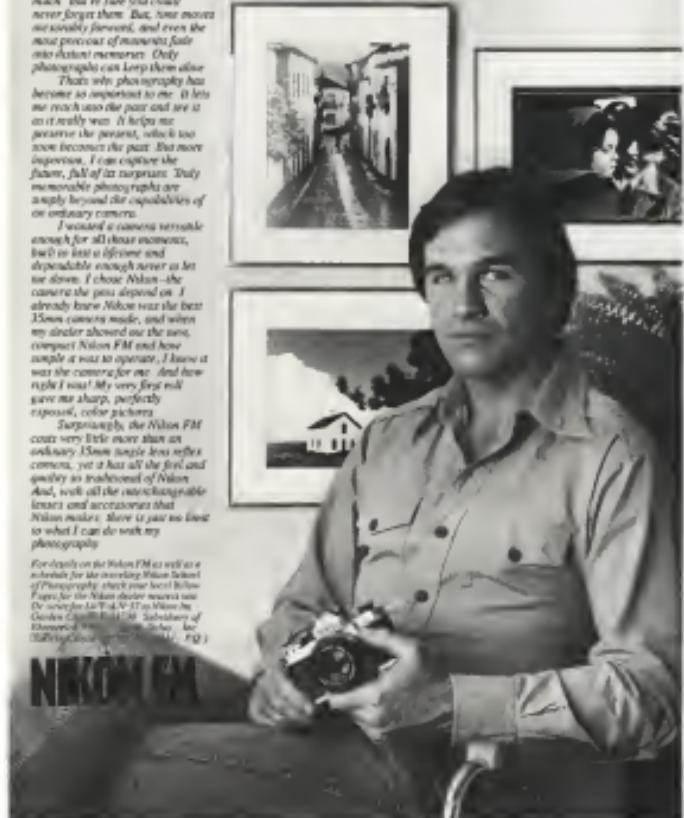
*That's why photography has become so important to me. It lets me reach into the past and see it as it really was. It helps me preserve the present, which too soon becomes the past. The more I photograph, the more I realize the importance of capturing truly memorable moments right away beyond the capabilities of an ordinary camera.*

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Photograph by Matthew Klein



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standings stemming from misinterpretation. In a recent booklet, *Stalling the Wolf: Sessions C Thresh Publications, \$1.25), William Myatt cites half a dozen ways in which the sentence "You have poison lie so you don't do anything rash" can be punctuated, yielding six very different meanings. Myatt's pamphlet, subtitled "Easy Guide to Punctuation" (which should read, "An Easy Guide . . ."), seems to be quite a seller among students; a laudatory review in *The Atlantic Monthly* recommends it to students and poets, as well. Yet, upon examination, it proves to be a pedantic little pamphlet, afflicted with an illness akin to that of the students it purports to serve.*

As far as the level of instruction in it goes, for instance, that concern are "real insights." The pamphlets about their application do not amount to much more than that: the author tells the reader "when to pause within a sentence," and that the confused student should write his paper without commas, then read it aloud and attack at a comma whenever he has told him a pause is needed. It's a mighty tame concern that allows itself to be stated that easily.

So this is what a popular, contemporary book on punctuation, recommended by *The Atlantic* to children and poets, as well, looks like. There is nothing in it even about *how* to use a writer or where periods, commas, colons, and semicolons go in relation to punctuation marks. In one single chapter, commas and periods go in under colons and semicolons (like exclamation and question marks) outside the quotation marks, except when they are part of the quoted matter. In England, however, periods and commas go outside the quotation marks. Arbitrary, I concede, but not unimportant. One gentleman, now a distinguished British scholar and critic, wrote a doctoral thesis that was rejected some years ago by the English department of a leading American university because the periods and commas were sticking out in the British manner, instead of being tucked in, as in ours. The whole thesis had to be resubmitted because we all recommended "How silly of them," they were right. Some aspects of punctuation, like some aspects of grammar, have nothing to do with logic and everything to do with consistency. The word's apes—the apes' monkeys used to sit in a certain order; it becomes needlessly dislocated and unversed by deviations.

Now, it is true that some good writers punctuate perfectly. In some cases, their editions (in the days when editors still knew about such

notions) silently corrected their vagaries. In other cases, especially when a writer's punctuation idiosyncrasies are highly interwoven with his really quirky personality and when reproducing letters to friends, where informality and irregularity contribute to their intimacy, such peculiarities are best left uncorrected. For example, when E.E. Cummings writes in a letter to Hildegard Watson about the qualities of his just-deceased mother, he concludes with the following sentence/jamming: "I am the first to wonder folk and feel that you love what is wonderful. I want to share my admiration with you (period)." It goes without saying.

There is no punctuation for the lowercase "such" and the absence of "real insights." The pamphlets about their application do not amount to much more than that: the author tells the reader "when to pause within a sentence," and that the confused student should write his paper without commas, then read it aloud and attack at a comma whenever he has told him a pause is needed. It's a mighty tame concern that allows itself to be stated that easily.

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Now consider an advertisement in the November 5, 1977, issue of *New York magazine* in the "prodigy column" of Sparks Steak House, "served not only for their pride but also for their illiteracy. Even the name

Sparks Steak House seems to lack an apostrophe, and previous ads there have been misspellings to the smogmatic. This particular one begins in large print, we're warned: MINE SIBERIA (no punctuation). Soon thereafter in this answer to an unfavorable notice we read: "One enormous review out of you, is not going to hurt Sparks Steak House." What, we ask, is that *comes after* "you" doing there? How can one possibly separate the subject ("you") from the predicate ("is not going to hurt Sparks Steak House")? By the time we get to the ungrammatical instructions of William Myatt's guide (the colon tells the reader when to pause within a sentence), no pause is conceivable after that "you"—bearing the possibility, of course, that the author is so shocked by our rage at the mere thought of Miss Siberia (the "you" in question) that he had pause to regurgitate his breath.

It may also be that some errors of punctuation appearing in the public prints are directly related to the widespread inability to read proof competently. Proofreading has always been a difficult task requiring the kind of minute attention to detail that seems to be ever harder to come by—it may even be that human nature is changing toward greater basic inattention, that there is a kind of endemic laziness that surrounds you and you will observe that differentiation between "use" and "use's" is fast becoming a lost art.

Take, for example, a poster that was recently displayed around town; it advertised a certain Vickie Sue Robinson record and read: THIS NEW ALBUM FROM THE LADY THAT'S TURNED EVERYTHING [use] HEAD AROUND. I do not believe that this can be a mere misprint; it is such a short beat, and it letters as large as a boxer's fist, "they" do not perpetrate misprints—and even rags. The curious thing, then, is that they can recognize the contraction of "that has" and punctuate correctly, "that's"; what they do not comprehend, however, is the practice in "everyone's" in this apostrophe goes by the board.

Careless knowledge of punctuation does not amount apart from such things as the use of parentheses. Yet there exist more mysteriousness, where it is impossible to tell just how a particular species of linguistic operation—say, as in the case of the apes—goes about its own inscrutable business.

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STEPHEN BIRNBAUM

# GETTING AWAY

The best golf courses in the United States ... that you can play!

**T**his is the height of the frustration season for America's golfers. Cold weather has shattered most of the bone marrow of our players, and golf activity has mostly degenerated to grasping and ungrasping a putter in front of a television set. Even watching the pros avert in all their double-hand glory barely diminishes the frustration quotient, and it's a fate bet that more carpeted greens are worn out at this time of year than ever before.

The pretty postcard images on the TV screen do very little to quench the general malaise, for even if this is vacation season for you, it's still unlikely that you'll be able to follow the pros to the same courses that the TV commentators are crowing about. Most of the best tournament sites are strictly private oases, and mere mortal feet are hardly ever permitted to walk such hallowed turf. Golf writers regularly camp out in the fairways of Augusta National and Colonial, and keep peace of mind on the greens of Merion and Oakmont. But should we be irrepresentable civilians actually walk into one of these sites and ask to play, it's likely he would either be thrown out on the spot or committed to a home. Such clubs are franchises of the rich and famous, and they have seldom known the breed of a golfer who hasn't first had his pedigree scrupulously checked or been possessed of at least one influential friend (a member).

The fact is that only seven of the top (according to *Golf Digest* magazine) fifty golf courses in the United States are open to transient play on any regular basis, and tourists hardly do any better with the second fifty. It's enough to make a golfer give up his alligator shorts.

But for all the inherent elitism, there are still a host of super golf courses that are open to visiting players and around which a golfer can plan his vacation play. One of the great satisfactions of traveling some significant distance to play golf is finding a course truly worth all the effort—it's always exciting to test your mettle against the best. Of course, it may wind up being a humbling experience, but it is usually a memorable one.

What follows is a list of the best



courses in the United States that you can play. It is by no means complete, just a guide to the best.

**HAWAII:** The two best here are both resort courses, and are at a safe distance from the high-crises and fast-food franchises of Honolulu. Ditch-champ (\$15) international flights make island hopping easy, so there's absolutely no excuse to stay anchored in Oahu. Instead, in Hilo on the Big Island, is the garden spot of the Garden Island, with three spectacular nines (Ocean, Woods and Lake) that provide a tour through the terrain that served as the backdrop for the film version of *South Pacific*. The weather here can be unpredictable—green fescues are the by-product of regular than normal precipitation—but the quality of the courses is more than worth the risk. Moomomi Koa, in Kona on the Big Island (Hawaii), is a part of the prominent resort of the same name and is built on lava flows that have somehow adapted to give the course a tropical character. This is a warm, wild corner of these islands, and much care (and water) is needed to keep the terrain green and true. The spectacular volcanic peak that gives the resort its name is the backdrop for nearly every shot, and the Moomomi fairways are among the most photographed in the world.

**CALIFORNIA:** If there is any real competition for the title of "Most Photographed," it comes from the Pebble Beach Golf Links on the Monterey Peninsula. This is one of the relatively rare instances where a first-class U.S. tournament track is actually accessible to the public, and

it's an opportunity not to be missed. If you can afford the tariff, stay at the Del Monte Lodge. There's another resort layout nearby a short ways away, Spyglass Hill, just up the road, was once considered so difficult that the touring pros demanded that one end of the tee be moved (and the holes shortened). But even in its edited version you will find Spyglass a handful, and your botanical education will surely expand as you go tramping through the ice plants.

Rancho Mirage is the golfing capital of southern California, and there are dozen public courses to satisfy all categories. The best of these is the gallery of Forest Park (where the Andy Williams tournament is held every year), and both the North and South courses are worth your attention. While you're in the neighborhood, be sure to get up to the fine La Costa layout in Carlsbad.

It's impossible to leave the subject of California without mentioning a fine desert course. The logical choice in the desert is La Quinta, pride of the Coachella Valley, in Palm Springs. **ARIZONA:** In a state that is rapidly becoming one of the golfing centers of the nation, none is better than the Gold course at The Wigwam, just outside Phoenix, which is operated by the Goodyear tire organization.

**COLORADO:** Vacationers tend to associate the Broadmoor in Colorado Springs with snow-skiing and skiing, but the fact is that its three fine courses make it a first-class golf resort as well. The resort is ringed by snow-capped mountains, making the scenery every bit the equal of the golf,

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and that's really saying something. This is also the place to play if you're looking for a warmer definition of *fast greens*: the oft-repeated adage to first-timers here is to practice putting on the reef.

**WEST VIRGINIA:** Anyone who regularly attends any sort of meeting, convention or seminar will inevitably trip over The Greenerbe in White Sulphur Springs, and golfers tend to look forward to these conferences with particular relish. The three courses (Old White, Lakeside and Greenbrier) provide a more than adequate variety of play, and when Jack Nicklaus designs his current renovation of the Concourse layout (it's to be the site of the Ryder Cup matches in 1979), that course's appeal will be even greater. A special attraction-guitar here in the British hotel lobby that's strummed every day to send the chills down—ah, those piano valves with the freshly polished cases.

**VIRGINIA:** Three superior courses are the focus of attention at The Roostedot in Hot Springs, and although the sight of mountain fire in the hotel's enormous lobby on a warm summer's day provides a telling insight into the circulatory systems of many of the guests, the golf is no less attractive. The Cascades course, a couple of miles from The Roostedot's front door, is my favorite of the trio of fine tracks, though the newer Lower Cascades course is somewhat longer.

**NORTH CAROLINA:** There is no golf community in the United States more devoted to the traditional values of the game than Piedmont. Non-golfers often can't grasp what all the hubbed commotion is about, but however hapless they may consider a day's play, the first round is likely to be an "courses," since the World Golf Hall of Fame at the Pinehurst Hotel and Country Club is between games and watch instructional films at the Carolina Hotel after dark. Pinehurst #8 is the class of the circuit here, though I may tend to exaggerate its difficulty because I once played its first seven holes in even par. We will not discuss my final score.

**SOUTH CAROLINA:** The offshore islands along our southeastern coast have received renewed attention since then-President-elect Carter took his first vacation break on St. Simons Island. But golfers have long known that the general public is just discovering these islands hold some of the country's best resort courses.

For golfers, the magnet is usually the Harbour Town Golf Links, part of the massive Sea Pines Plantation development on Hilton Head Island. With a whipping course rating of

75—one of the highest in the country—its degree of difficulty needs no additional enhancement, though the laid-back environment does provide some small solace to soaring scores. Pete Dye, who designed Harbour Town, is my personal choice for the game's most creative craftsman, and his talent and handiwork are nowhere better displayed.

**GEORGIA:** The Sun Island Golf Club is only the most important part of the ten-hundred-acre resort complex known as The Cliffs. The thirty-six holes of golf (divided into four distinct areas) are all possessed of ocean views, with the rest of the local landscape dominated by magnolias and pampas grass. The Seaside nine is probably the most challenging of the available options, and the four may be played in any order or combination.

The Laidlow course, Marshfield, on Skidaway Island (just outside Savannah), is my personal choice as the anchor of a proposed real-estate complex, but as links legend it was made available to the public as part of a new resort incarnation. Here the Spanish moss hangs like lace from the oaks, pines and palmettes; few courses in this country can boast as many holes completely framed by surrounding forest.

**FLORIDA:** At the moment, the Biltmore Country Club stands like a lone bastion against the decay that is gripping most of the Miami-Miami Beach tourist area. But Biltmore's superb golf facilities (five courses) thus far remain unscathed, and the fabled Blue Monster is still the most formidable challenge in the state. It is the site of the annual Boral-Bearera Open, and the Gold courses (where the qualifying rounds for the tournament winner are played) offer little difficulty and no challenge.

Possessive residents—polices think of Disney World as a golf headquarters, but the Palm course at Lake Buena Vista is among the nation's best. An added attraction is the relative respite from the fumes of the park proper, and it is not unusual for adult members of a Disney World vacation group to hole out on the course while the younger members try to bring the Magic Kingdom to its knees.

**PENNSYLVANIA:** It's admittedly difficult to take seriously a course that is not very far from the center of Cocoa Avenue and East Chocolate Avenue, but that doesn't change the fact that the two courses at the Hershey Country Club in Hershey are among the best in the Northeast. The West is especially challenging, and if the lavish old Hotel Hershey is not what it once was, the new clubhouse

more than makes up for that fact for golfers. Chocolate frosting may feel the sweet in the air a bit distracting, but it can only marred with the quality of the rolling challenges.

**NEW YORK:** It is also sometimes hard to take the Catalina Masters very seriously, especially after several generations of comedians have labored so long to prevent the image of sounding Gravitational and sour cream. Yet one of the very best courses in the country is part of The Concord plant in Klamath Lake, and it is a track well worth its nickname. The Master: It is nearly unreasonably long and almost undeniably difficult, and that's probably why great numbers of Massachusetts golfers from New York City trudge up to it from time every weekend. These crowds usually include a disproportionate number of Japanese players (the most avid, most polite in most depressingly slow golfers in the world), so you should plan your own assault on The Concord for a weekday.

**MASSACHUSETTS:** Perhaps the least known of this group of top courses is the Taconic Golf Course in Williamstown, in the northwestern-most corner of the state. Though it is the home of the Williams College golf team and the preferred turf of a small local membership, it is open to transient players on weekdays (except from noon to one-thirty) and weekend afternoons. Especially on a fall afternoon, with the leaves just turning on the trees covering the beautiful surrounding Berkshires hills, this is a landscape that is right out of America's past, although the very red teeth of this course are apparently in its name.

**Puerto Rico:** Though the Radnor management team no longer tends the tee at Dorado Beach, this superb golf center will retain its place as the island's most luxurious escape. There's lively debate about which of the two courses offers the steeper test (recall one visit here for the Matlal), but a middle-handicap golfer will be hard pressed to discern the differences as he battles his way through this former grapefruit plantation.

Down on the east end of the island (Humacao) is the extremely sylvan Palmas Del Mar resort development that was begun a few years ago with great trumpeting and plots to become the ultimate sports playground. Successive changes of ownership and management have blunted fulfillment of all those dreams, but the Gary Player-designed course is a legitimate pro and would be worth playing even if the surroundings were less than they are.



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ALBERT GOLDMAN

# RECORDINGS

The first totally electronic rock

Kraftwerk is not exactly your standard white rock band. In their padded suits, the four pop musicians appear to be impersonating four superstraight, short-haired, bearded German engineering students posing for their graduation portrait at some technical Institute circa 1958. Their ears of scientific measurements are visible in the frame, which is purely decorative and frequently abstracted from the sounds and rhythms of modern technology—the Doppler effect of shattering strand-like tracery in the smoothness of passing Mercedes on the autobahns, the twists and loops of the shortwave radio; and even the mysterious crackling sound of static Kraftwerk—literally “power plant”—is dedicated to the celebration of the machine and bane of that music culture that is the late music of easy Brillo-headed hippies. Instead of being machine workers, the Kraftwerk men are machine builders—and machine makers.

The band's first task was as much a job of engineering as it was a challenge to art. Working to make a music composed entirely of electronically generated sounds, Kraftwerk had to invent or adapt a whole series of devices to create a variety of planes of traditional musical instruments. It should be pointed out that though we talk of rock bands as being “electronic,” they are nothing of the kind like those nineteenth-century groups that were propelled by both hand and steam, rock bands employ a hybrid technology that works best that is destined eventually to be swept into the dustbin and replaced by much more sophisticated apparatus. The first great step in this direction is a band that employs no traditional instruments but has found the means to simulate virtually the entire instrumentation not just of rock or jazz or pop but of European classical music from the banjo period right down to Kurfürstendamm. If Kraftwerk had done nothing more than perfect the first electronic orchestra, it would have performed a great service to pop music.

Creating the first electronic orchestra was merely an enabling necessity, however; the band's true function was to compose tone poems that would mirror the modern world



in its own most characteristic acoustic vocabulary. Such an ambition may seem obvious, but it is a revolutionary in the backward little world of pop music. Though the latest rock bands may sound far-out to the layman's untrained ear, to a musician's they sound hopelessly retardated—like the backwoods to the Stone Age.

But pop music has not always been so left back. The Straussens in their waltzes employed a language that was merely a simplified version of the compositional shorthands of their day. Similarly, in the last great era of pop music from the early forties planes of traditional musical instruments. It should be pointed out that though we talk of rock bands as being “electronic,” they are nothing of the kind like those nineteenth-century groups that were propelled by both hand and steam, rock bands employ a hybrid technology that works best that is destined eventually to be swept into the dustbin and replaced by much more sophisticated apparatus. The first great step in this direction is a band that employs no traditional instruments but has found the means to simulate virtually the entire instrumentation not just of rock or jazz or pop but of European classical music from the banjo period right down to Kurfürstendamm. If Kraftwerk had done nothing more than perfect the first electronic orchestra, it would have performed a great service to pop music.

Creating the first electronic orchestra was merely an enabling necessity, however; the band's true function was to compose tone poems that would mirror the modern world

like the radio or the automobile and explore it both as social source and as myth and symbol. The most impressive and sustained achievement of this sort is the band's pavilion album *Radio-Activity* (Capitol ST-1148).

The theme is homage to radio—the oldest and most pervasive of any of the electronic media and the most intimately bound up in our lives. The album cover puts the theme into a historical perspective by offering a stark black-and-white photo denouement that is virtually a memento of the first mass-produced German radio, a simple device with a single bulb in the center for the listener and two knobs for timer and volume. The cultural counterpart to the Volksradio, this austere and utilitarian device looms before the contemporary imagination as a classic industrial artifact; it also evokes a day, now long past, when radio was regarded almost with awe. Turning the album over, one is informed by the pictures of symbolic directions and warnings that cover the back of the radio. At first glance, these markings resemble those you would find on a similar piece of apparatus today (the Germans never having changed their appliance typology in forty years); closer examination reveals many curios and unusual precautions that evoke the period and its anxious concern about putting such remarkable machinery into the hands of the common people.

The venture of *Radio-Activity* dramatizes one of the most remarkable and poetic features of the modern world: the fact that at every instant the atmosphere is voided in

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filled with thousands of inaudible voices and sounds. Like the beating storm world of the medieval imagination, the radio-activated atmosphere of the twentieth century must be measured into reading itself. The first sound heard is the deep, low, beep of a Geiger counter, the electronic drumming rod that detects the presence of the invisible spirits. As the machine's heartbeat begins to accelerate, the speakers close with prescriptive static. Like a medium hearing a table tap, the listener intuits the presence of the stage waves. An incoming cloud of choral harmony sounds forth. The Geiger slips past into this amorous mass. When they emerge, they have been transmuted into the urgent pleading of a radio-telemarketer—always a thrifling soul—over his message encoded in tones. The telephone signal is transmuted next into a stampede, then those pained yet as circumscribed harpsichord—a joky, perky tune, reminiscent of the bouncy tunes of Douglas' "New World" Symphony. Each time it is played, it is announced by an electronic record that resembles adhesive tape being torn off a surface—spititual!

A voice enters—an event that always upstages even the most impressive instrumental display. The Kraftwerk Voice, however, is designed to blend, not compete, with instruments. The only natural sound heard in these synapses subsists in the Voice in that of man just before he metamorphoses into robot. Flat, colorless, impersonal, literal, hard, certe, the Voice usually repeats its message in English or French, precisely like the instructions and names that constitute a line of German software code. Though the Voice needs the articulated tele-type message, it is fraught with genetic and avarice implications because so many technical terms (particularly in Germany) are fossilized metaphors subject to revalorization and because the Voice's messages are often cast in the either/or mold. His premeasurements of ancient users, allowing contradictory interpretations. In this instance, the Voice merely confirms what we have already sensed: The air is full of Radio-almost.

Meanwhile, one telegraph signal after another is breaking in, each with its distinctive pitch and timbre, suggesting a congeries of electronic breakers. Indeed, the final effect is virtually a parody of one of the most instrumentally obscured passages in all of German music—the "Forest Murmurs" interlude from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony. The electronic drinking songs are now complemented by nightmare bolts carrying the cliff scenes and passed terms that come wailing up through the stock office surface

most mythical of all Teutonic roots, Wodin-masculinity, the feeling of being completely alone in the deep forest.

The first movement, having established that spirits are thumping the air, the second movement, avowsly requires these agents to declare themselves through the ritual of toasting. A solemn karaoke presentation, with the high sustained strings and low plashed basses of Bach's famous Air, provides the setting for the slow, deliberate ceremony. As we follow the needle across the disk, at each point there are appropriate intrusions of sound. The electric event occurs just past the Marie-cole band, when the human voice is suddenly superimposed by the Voice of Radio—a woodcock robot voice, long of breath, rasping in hoarseness, squatting slightly on certain consonants. His a creature laboring with great difficulty to articulate through the alien medium of electronic circuitry. In more detail, and with the awesome effect of giants in fairy tales, "Elektronenblinde war der Rödelschädel," intones the voice, profiting immensely from the German language's survival shifty in phrasal slippage between "Bachland"—a marginal polyglot language.

The next movement, "Alraune," kicks off with a graphic illustration of its theme, one of these startlingly vivid acoustic oscillations. So an exceedingly large spiritus coming to life. As you whirl up along this giddy spiral, you land suddenly in a fairy land where the air is filled with the joyous sound of a good old electronic drinking song, twirled in those German music syllables that should always grace good old drinking songs. As the voice chanted, "When screens are singing, Didn't you sing?" the robot alcohol section goes into a easy beat that is caused by a couple of jazzy piano keys that lock electronic horns.

In its latest album, *Traffic-Karussell Express* (Capitol SW-11663), Kraftwerk has moved in the directions of both pop and minimalist art, laying out its "industrial music" in bold, simplified contours with a deliberately repetitiveness that one associates with Andy Warhol's use of the mid-century industrial-printing technique. To its original injunction (Love the machine) the band has now added a number of qualifying suggestions that tend to confirm the traditional dread and terror of the machine. The electronic drinking songs are now complemented by nightmare bolts carrying the cliff scenes and passed terms that come wailing up through the stock office surface

of the German "economic miracle." The most powerful move on the album, *Sheerwater Domusica*, explores a stock theme of German culture: the flat-line automaton that moves to life. The mood is established by another indistinct little tune, and, weird, schizoid-like, a *Folksong* here, if you please, twanged out a note at a time against a mechanical kick beat that evokes the image of bass-drum batter and cymbalist inside the core of a conveyor. Starting forth from that weird background, the Voice proclaims: "We are sheeves domusca." Then, in a rapidly strafing song, the mechanized man recounts the mechanized tale of the sheeves domusca who break their glass to walk through the city and water a dragon club.

The probable interpretation of this mechanized man is manifold, but the most obvious line of thought is that which views the domusca as symbolic of Kraftwerk. As a group of pop mystics, Kraftwerk is aimed on distancing itself from its roots, the punks and rockers—violent amateur types whose day is fast fading. By playing at being bourgeois-sated squares, the Kraftwerk achieve an image that is much sharper and more startling than that of the cheeb-blubber rockers; at the same time, they project their imaginative identification with the industrial technicians and engineers who are their prototypes, coolly experiencing a problem, like the invention of the electronic instruments, coming up with a carefully calculated solution, like every Kraftwerk composition, and eventually manufacturing the model—but temperamental缺点—for pure distribution and consumption, or pop records are manufactured and consumed.

By making such a profound identification with the industrial process, however, Kraftwerk has become to a large extent a human machine, which is how the group has referred to itself—the Mount Manchine. The relationships between the human machine, the robot and the domusca are obvious, as is the threat that someday the robots will break their electronic shackles and take over the world. What is novel is the suggestion, implicit in all of Kraftwerk's work, that when that dread day arrives, the difference between the robots and the humans may have less to do with settling Europe and America are rapidly spawning a race of well-defined young men who nonpliably fill many service roles and spend their evenings dancing in clubs to electronically anguished signals. It may be hard someday to tell the men from the robots. ■



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# SAAB

## SAAB introduces the TURBO



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The \$9,998\* SAAB Turbo is being hailed as an engineering masterpiece. What SAAB has done is take the turbo power that dominates the big tracks—Le Mans and The Indianapolis 500—and harness it to work at speeds you drive at everyday.

The car engineers are applying what SAAB turbo-charged its 9-liter engine to obtain new high levels of power performance. And still tailored the engine for all known economy and emission requirements.

Road and Track put it succinctly: "The SAAB Turbo... one of the newest of the future... small engine with a turbo charger for fuel economy and performance coupled with fine



The turbocharged process produces maximum power from the exhaust pipe and parts of the intake system which produce the most effective air flow.

exhaust emissions. Wow!"  
Car and Driver said: "The new SAAB Turbo is a genuine performance car, strong, supple, good off the line, fast through the corners, whisper smooth and lively."

According to the SAAB Turbo brochure: "It's ability to deliver 35% more torque at low (3300) rpm's. More torque at low rpm's means more power of your command in daily situations."

When you have to pass, feel that surge of power that you need. Feel the take-off thrust of turbo power move you on to a highway. That's SAAB driving.

Yet, the SAAB Turbo isn't merely cold, engineering innovations. Its performance has definite psychic components. Here's how a few of the car experts have responded to driving one:

"SAAB Turbo...a genuine Fourth-of-July driving experience, full of cushioned pleasure and high speed." —Steve Thompson, Car and Driver.

"The SAAB Turbo is exhilarating to drive...it's so much fun, the price is irrelevant." —Rod and Traci

The SAAB Turbo is unique on the American scene. It is the one car that combines the new power—Turbo Power—with other major features that define SAAB as a consumer road machine.

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# GEOFFREY NORMAN OUTDOORS

The sportsman's midwinter dilemma

**C**ome February, most places north of Virginia there isn't a thing left that you can legally catch or kill. Maybe a rabbit or two if you are willing to go through hip-deep snow to get them. And some trout streams still have year-round fishing, but you are allowed to keep only the very large fish you catch or, in some cases, none at all. As you cross narrow old backcountry bridges on gray days when the snow is falling, you can see the occasional fisherman casting resolutely as he stands on water that would be solid if it wasn't moving. He tries mightily to keep the ice off his tackle and to netted fish that are so estableshed—strung they might as well be dead.

Tom late Arnold Gengrich, who founded that magazine, *Fisherman*, the way, and he describes the contents of his books in winter fishing. He concluded that you are only as cold as your log fire and that if you leave your fast-warm and dry, then hell, yeah, you can fish on, no matter how cold it gets. There is nothing to be done for men like that.

But you don't want to fish. Even if it is legal, it is just too damned cold. And what you can legally hunt is not worth hunting. So you find substitutes. You take down your shotguns and carefully scrub the barrels with solvent, wipe down the receivers with a silicone cloth and rub some linseed into the stocks. Then you start trawling for sport at those seashores. In the world, the seasons are right. When, at the other end of the spectrum, on the other side of the equator, it is the heat part of somebody's summer. So if you want to fish trout until you can't stand it, look into Chile or Argentina.

Some of the best trout fishing in the world is in the Andes. The rivers are very much like the big western streams of the United States. The coniferous is reaggregating, the fish are big, and the guides know their business. There is also the local food to be had at several weeks of winter and the mud season on top of that.

There are extensive resources that can be taken. Some man even live there. But unless you were the kind of hood who could literally build one of those hawks-moon models of a 35-47 complete with dentils, you should probably pass on tying flies. It is as difficult and precise as remodeling windows.



You could load and reload your over-saturation. It is not as difficult as it sounds, but the final product is just as unsatisfying, either. Also, there is a limit to how much over-saturation you can load unless you are subcontracting for the P.L.O. or doing one hell of a lot of sheet-shunting, which is probably good offense-practice but not much fun in a snowstorm.

So if tying and hand loading are probably not the answer, either. Nor is the much reading about the outdoors, which will only pick at the scab of your frustration. The answer, in, most likely, travel.

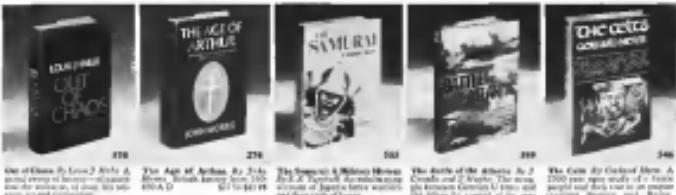
The first thing to remember when you start trawling for sport at those seashores in the world, the seasons are right. When, at the other end of the spectrum, on the other side of the equator, it is the heat part of the year. There are fewer fishermen there and this classic river fishing with dry flies is perhaps the best in the world.

But if it is cold trout fishing, which you can find in at least one third of the United States during the season—and probably not too far from home. If it is adventure you are looking for, and relief from the lousy part of February, you should probably look into the tropics.

For one thing, the tropics are slow. If you fish the shallow-water flats, you can look down through the clear green water just as though it were a tank. You may be searching for breakfast, but you can't help seeing a dazzling spectacle of life, most of it predatory. There are heronries, biting stationary in logs and soaring both like Bellerophon. Small scavenging sharks cruise the flats, and big rays glide past your skull. Above there are all the gaudy birds of the tropics, prancing and warbling

like crazy. During a revolution, transportation breaks down, guides

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# SPORTS

One on one with the NBA's probable Rookie of the Year

"I

It's pleasant," Jimmy Casper says used of a sportswriter's life. "I function in glad places." That was before the major leagues got into New Jersey.

I shouldn't say that, Bernard King, who is the New Jersey Nets' notable rookie forward, says. "I don't find New Jersey offhand to be an atmosphere whence it dictates to a player that they can't feel they're in the N.B.A." I was trying to get as采访 into old Bernard, and he was coming on as the soul of connoisseurability but proving only that he must be a complicated person to assess.

Not because he is six feet seven and quick as the proverbial flash, surely he is too nice and products a positive man to his body against passions. He wins, it is true, more charged with resulting arrest, but "existing interpretation" must have been more like it. "The real trouble lies up to a myth or free down a myth," he says. "I went to be Bernard King. But there is something syllable about the man, at age twenty-one. While he was a good student, and after answering these, he now, lifts a huge, unsmiling, extremely legal-looking smile, the kind of smile a deluded high-school principal might like to see. He stands up straight, looks you in the eye and emanates clearly in a resonant campus-circular sort of voice. And by weight. No words, which was more than I could do with them.

He doesn't seem the type of person who would get arrested five times in fifteen months while attending college. In fact, he seems the type of person to whom you want to shout, "Bernard! Look up! Go get arrested or something!" But during his recent tenure at the University of Tennessee he did keep making the headlines *Xerox* *annexes* *estate* for various combinations of peeveling, needling and direction driving, second-degree burglary, marijuana possession and improper state registration. And if he failed to the police, the way he failed to me, the arresting officer's reports must have read something like this: "Subject was asked what he thought it looked like, him with the athletic department's videotape machine in the back of his car. Subject responded, 'In re-



tion of that particular question, I do believe I can't possibly say. If that's all right.'"

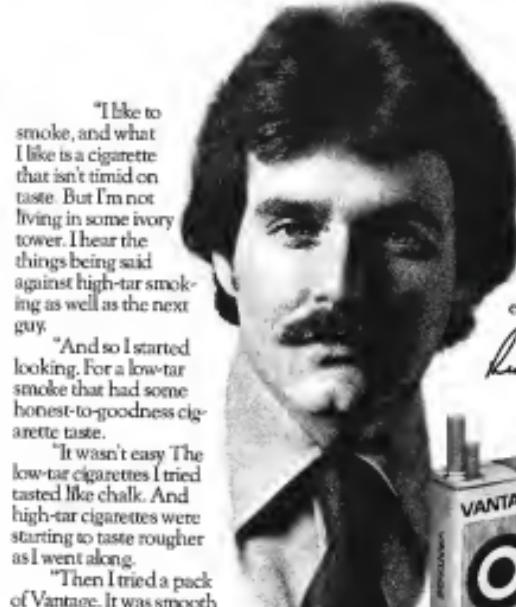
Not a bad answer, actually, for a philosopher, which may be what Bernard is, for all I know. He does write poetry. "I like to think," he used as a college freshman. "Sometimes, after I've been thinking the about six hour, I'd get out a piece of paper and write poetry." While back, two years' worth of his poetry was stolen. A rare, valuable, wordy, I don't know of another name of stolen poetry in all literary history.

Set back to what Bernard King is reading about him in the paper over the past three years, I thought he was a scamp, and I was all for him. Aren't such scamps awfully��essable lately? On television during the World Series, Tom Seaver said he had made a geological survey of the National League mounds that confirmed the readings he had taken of these surfaces "in my profession as an athlete." Did Darryl Dunn ever anything like that? This reason Beanie Jackson had trouble dealing with reporters and lawmakers early this past season, said his agent and business partner, was that Beanie was accustomed to working with executives in the off-season and it took him awhile to adjust. Was it ever that way with the Babe?

I had to like Bernard King because of a story I had heard about one of his arrests. He chance to turn the wrong way down a one-way street one night. Since he didn't have his driver's license with him, the police asked him to follow them to the dorm, where he had left it. The po-

lice are inspired to remarkable lengths of severity and exasperation by tailspinners who have to go to court. And yet they try to sit their arrests into each other and get away

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into fights, love to hear stories about how players covertly bite each other and gouge each other's eyes, love to call players Mad Dog and Bad News and The Barber. The public wants athletes to be hard, crazy and mean but reasonably mushy, like Elvis and Presidents.

"We'll try to help him just like any other boy that graduated or played ball for us, but he's not our property anymore—we have no obligation," said Tennessee head basketball coach Ray Mears after King's last arrest, on July 18. Doesn't that sound sort of crazy? It is true that King has started

by them, to forge his last year of college ball and signs with the Nats, but by then he had also given Tennessee. Three years earlier when he released only five games, averaged 22.8 points and 15.2 rebounds per game and had fifty-five percent of his shots. He had been named the Southeastern Conference's Player of the Year three times and had led his team to two N.C.A.A. play-offs and one conference championship. He had given good value for whatever time and financial and be cost, and after growing up poor (and unprepared) in Brooklyn, he was ready to go pro and earn a more equitable cut of the gate. It is true that Moars suffered an attack of nervous exhaustion after King's first three arrests, but Moars (who

while a necktie with pictures of Laurel and Hardy on it, carries a picture of General Patton in the locker room, and requires his players to leave their shoes in certain spots, with the result that he has arranged officially to have a new set of shoes. King arrived at U.T. and has suffered another cringe since King left. "Coach works too hard," Bernard says. "He brings it on himself."

As for the Nets' official attitude toward their new separation, general manager Bill Michigan declared: "We have to get him strummed out, get him to have a professional attitude on the court as well as off." This from an organization that last year presented the world's first "rodeo basketball" show, in which it is playing this year to small crowds in the Rutgers University gym in Piscataway, New Jersey, and of which a prospective buyer said, "There would be like shooting the wrong end of a gun."

"I made a point of dispelling all received notions of what his life might have been like—without, however, replacing them with anything more definite," the coach explained. "To me such analogies as 'the cowboy' or 'the rodeo player' try to get out of the 'magnificent' rhetoric."

"I mean, people don't realize why they play it's not the only way out. They eat catfish believe those things. What will they have to fall back on?"

A good point to go into, but where I tried to follow Bernard into the

"If the Nets could only run a basketball, the way Bernard plays basketball. In college he would sometimes weave his arms and yell cryptic remarks at opponents, yet he is a smooth and essential in the great majority of his successes, not to speak specifically on the court as surely important. Please, America, I urge.

ticket. In his freshman year at Tennessee he was briefly suspended when someone alleged to the V.C.A.A. that there were discrepancies between his actual high-school grades and those recorded in his transcript. An investigation—by Tennessee officials—disclosed that his grades had indeed been tampered with, or at least obtained through some clerical error. Some had been bled out, but some had been mistakenly lowered. As it turned out, his actual average was not 69.2, as believed, but exactly 79.

Like Bernard's smile, that figure is awfully neat, but it would be silly of the N.C.A.A. to care about that. 0%, whatever it came from. Bernard would have given plenty of sense, and even if he didn't, it would have been a crime, much greater than say he has been charged with, if some busy-body and water-fowl with his playing college ball? If a kid has the talent to play professionally, another transcript irregularities nor low grades can complete. University should bar him from college, because college ball is a generally necessary stepingstone to a career he is qualified to pursue. People don't have to go to college to become professional dancers, stockbrokers or photographers. They should always have to be come professionals before they can get a job. If you're going to college, you have a lot of fun and get taken care of a lot, but they also had to go through a lot of strange stuff, which may drive them into closer public statements. Bernard is going to keep working toward his college degree, he says, because "It gives you an opportunity for a smooth transition rate socially. I'm very interested in broadcasting."

"It must have been college that Bernard honed his communications skills to the point that today he can reply is a question about whether he had any particular kind of freebie correspondence with Knobell police, "in reflection of that particular question. The more reporters continue at the facts, I know, when any reaction will be repeated to the last, I am trying to be the best [lawholder] player. I can be and the last individual Bernard King can be as a person and hopefully an intelligent one in the community. There is no point in regressing back and focusing from the past. You leave from today. I'm going forward."

He is playing forward, too. He is everyone playing forward. That's about all I can tell you about Bernard King, except that he should be back here with the Doughboys any minute.

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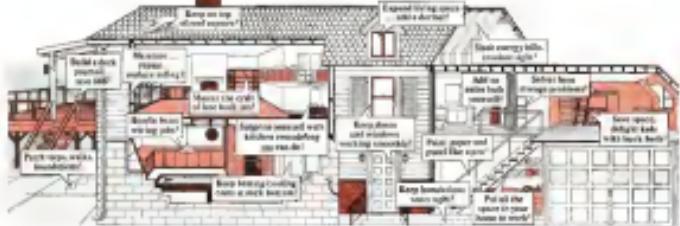
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**Why a New  
Man's  
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(See page 126.)

# BOOKS

Sontag is not a camera

"I am a camera," and Christopher Isherwood as he went about Berlin in the Thirties. Whatever she can be said of her flash-flash remarks in her book *On Photography* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, \$7.95), Susan Sontag is not a camera. She would rather talk about the nature of "images" than see pictures in the life around her. She is considerably more interested in the mentality of famous photographers and the cultural significance of the cameras they use than in what it means to be a photographer and how it is made. Sontag is as much a theorist and what Europeans call a "soft intellectual" of opinions about everything—that her book adds up to a series of appraisals about the widest possible significances of photography in our photo-corrupted world. It will not help anyone look at a photograph with more understanding.

*On Photography* is a short but ambitious book that certainly does not exhaust the subject of photography but does around it. It is full of brilliant statements. "By farmland this already crowded world with a duplicate of images, photography makes us feel that the world is more sensible than it really is.... Painting never made so strenuous a premise to prove the world beautiful." There is also talk, highbrow Quotidian, of political ascendancy from the citizens over the unimportant. It is the most irreverent form of aesthetic pollution." She says that Diane Arbus, the marvelous and disturbing photographer of freaks, marks "a leading tendency in high art as capitalist countries, to suppress or at least reduce, moral and sensory qualms." Of course, it is Russia all "freaks" are in jail or in asylums.

But compare Sontag with Arbus herself, who says, "I always thought of photography as a snazzy thing to do—that was one of my favorite things about it.... Photography was a hobby in my wherever I wanted and to do what I wanted to do?" You see what bothers me about Sontag, for all her brilliance. Although she has made movies, has obviously worked around "pictures" and pictures taken and probably wrote this book because she feels she has more to write about than mere literature, she includes only one short chapter to the direct influence on her of pho-



tography. As a girl of twelve, growing up in Santa Monica, California, she came across photographs of Rembrandt-Belsen and Dachau. "Nothing I have seen—is photographs or in real life—ever cut me as sharply, deeply, instantaneously.... When I looked at those photographs, something broke. Some limit had been reached, and not only that (or however) I felt intensely grieved, wounded, but a part of my feelings started to tighten; something went dead; something still cried."

Many people have shared that intense feeling of photographs of suffering, home, beauty, the world. With everything that has been said about the differences between painting and photography, no painter could have given as news of Bergman-Belsen-Holocaust on the front page of The New York Times was a picture of the Salomon police chief, Lutz, with rolled-up sleeves and a revolver in his hand, about to shoot a Yiddish-speaking a sport shirt. The photographer is as close as the executioner. The shirt stripes on the man being shot are just as vivid as the grimaces, contortions, anguish, shock and horror in his face, only inches away from the revolver about to blast his head.

Sontag comments easily, astutely, smugly, on such phenomena. However, except when she is summarizing her old teacher in young Santa Monica identifying with antisemitic in-fan-tot concentration camps, she interprets and diagnoses as if photography had to be rescued from its own banality. She may not realize how endearing to her subjects she sounds. But without this sub-

mission of superiority she might not have written about photography in an age when "everything exists in order to end in a photograph."

That is the underlying theme of her many speculations. It is actually a paleshow. Whatever else the camera is and is not, it makes a vast democracy and creates social pressures as much as it reflects them. It is simply not true that "today everything exists in order to end in a photograph." I worked with Henri Cartier-Bresson at places about New York and discovered that Cartier-Bresson believes in instantaneity and clarity and looks at all too long that his subjects have other lives, and more profound ones, than what he is gifted enough to catch. The quotation is adapted from McLuhan's observation that "everything in the world exists in order to end in a book." That may be true for writers and their more passionate readers. It is not true for very long.

"Everything exists in order to end in a photograph" confounds art with life. The camera business and the camera craze do get Sontag to say, which is true, that the more we turn down our cities and grow embittered with old-fashioned family life, the more we depend on pictures to assure the past. This is not an aesthetic matter but a visceral longing to keep in touch—and to prove a case. One of Sontag's otherwise serial observations about the influence of the camera is that there is "a growing reluctance on the part of young people to read anything, even subtleties in foreign novels and plays on a recorder alone, which partly accounts for

the new appetite for books of few words and many photographs."

If only she had gone on to look for a moment at what the young do not! The camera, no matter how much it may select, distort, lie, magnify, does not steal anything, as literature does with practically everything it touches. The camera operates with social facts, with our increasingly unacceptable appetites, feelings, dementia, dreams. Therefore Sontag is not much interested in passing social facts. Although she wrote a remarkable book called *Against Interpretation*, she would rather interpret a social fact that someone else has given her than look for it herself, as a novelist does. She is not a camera. She does not seek out ideas often enough to think they were translated from French literary sources for making up a story.

The *Dance Ararat* fascinating and disturbing parades of freaks Sontag says that "The dance of Ararat" with cannibal work and as in much of the States, the dance in which freaks visit public and become a safe, approved subject of art." In the States, freaks were treated with "penitentiary relief." Proof? "The film of Fellini, *Ariadna*, Jolietreky—underground rooms... rock music." Consequences? "At the beginning of the 1960s, the thriving freak show at Coney Island was outlawed; the pressure is on to raze the Times Square turf of drag queens and humanoids and turn it into a highway. As the inhabitants of closed neighborhoods are evicted from their unshielded terraces—based as it is on assembly, a public nuisance, obscene, or just profitless—they increasingly come to legitimate consciousness as the subject of art, requiring a certain diffuse legitimacy and metaphor in proximity, which creates all the more distance."

Coney Island was turning into a vast housing project before the States. The freak show—like the bearded lady in the circus and the world's fairest skin—was a vanishing Victorian spectacle and obviously discontinued in a place where half length of the workforce was composed of "probationers of dubious sex appeal" who arrived on retired garment workers. Even if I knew about dredge rooms, rock bands on the blues of Jadore, I would doubt their connection with the rotting memory of Coney Island. Sontag is a prisoner of literary cliché. Social reality seems to her a symbol in the mind of some gifted artist, writer, photographer. *On Photography* comes out of literature, not the naked world that is still there for you and me to look at as we damn please....



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# THE SOUND AND THE FURY

## Price of admission

Only a history figure like Norman Mailer could conceive his life as an ongoing saga, his pleasure with such fury. (Of a Soviet man, *Mixed Marriage, Workers and Spartans* with Dots, November), To become one of Mailer's favorite metaphors, his story was a bouncy-night house, Eva vs. The Frenz. Both confidantes came out of the fight bloodied, neither was knocked out, and Mailer won by split decision. His resounding victory was ticket price. Thanks for letting us watch.

Michael Schatzman  
Keweenaw, Wis.

Was it by chance, or perchance by intention, that you included Norman Mailer's aphorism as one vote and Malcolm Cowley's article Can a Complete S.O.B. Be a Good Writer? in the same issue of *Esquire*?  
Michael Dwyerberry  
Van Nuys, Calif.

## Lia letters

I enjoyed very much John Warner's much, much, Aaron Latham, to thank for the best article about Lisa Taylor (National Pictures, November) since her lengthy *Life* magazine interview with Edward Mazyany was omitted in the mid-States.

From-Sheriff Lee usually only grants guarded quizzical interviews, but her publicity-happy husband has, in his ambitious willingness to expose her to weeks of observation by an excellent reporter, provided us with a rare part of this otherwise usually sassy and voluptuous broad.

Alan Link  
Eagle Rock, Calif.

Something has been bothering me for some time now, and it is this: When Elizabeth Taylor's age was given as twelve, I was an envious and admiring ten-year-old member of her fan club. When I was fourteen, I read that Elizabeth had become a powerfully seductive, irresistibly lovelorn Hollywood starlet, and so it went for many years. When I turned forty, he was listed as being thirty-nine; now I'm forty-six, and her age is given as forty-four. Could it possibly be that I'm living faster, or is it

simply that I was never very good at math? Oh, well, on her it looks good at any age.

Mormon Hybrids  
Norman, Okla.

Elizabeth's birth. All are lower than that *down Lowther reported Taylor's age as forty-five and that her biography over the years consistently lists February 27, 1932, as her birth date.*

In *Networks' Vervet*, Aaron Latham says, "A revealing line recombining a certificate with nine hundred twenty-five hands fled past Elizabeth Taylor. She showed all nine hundred twenty-five I counted."

The conclusion I reach is that this was not a certificate at all. It was either (a) a severely handicapped mulepede, (b) four hundred forty-two people with two arms and one with three arms, or (c) four hundred sixty-one people with two arms and one with three arms.

Lawrence Eisenberg  
New York, N.Y.

## Aankles weary

Contrary to what Roaming says in the caption for a photograph used to illustrate Andrew-Dobler Wood (November), James Jones wasn't snatched from Gondwanaland as the result of sounds received in combat.

Jones writes in *WW II* that although he had earlier received a hand wound from a Japanese writer, it was his horse ankle that got him his ticket home. Sergeant Paul in *The Thin Red Line*, Jones's novel of combat on Guadalcanal, has a nearly identical experience.

Betsy Thomas  
McVille, N.Dak.

## Omnibus

Panzica (formerly Pardi) Coppola's repulsively fascinating scene (*Cine Restores of Boston Massachusetts Hollywood Authors Division*, November) has been given a strong Justice of Death touch.

In its snarling lopiness, its impudiceness, its shapeliness, its hopelessly possessed of desire, its shrillately whacking and bullying tone, its egomaniac, its ultimate "Femuritis" (the "entendre," if you'll pardon me)

its peculiarly calcified prose style, it is a dead ringer for the narration of *Requiem for a Heavyweight*. Hartigan had to Daphne to his staff an entire lengthening of the night way back when I was the executive editor of *Playboy*. But Hartigan's ingenuity charmed him more fondly than Capo's commands. We never leaked his nocturnal emissions to the press.

Barry Russell  
Beverly Hills, Calif.

## Arnold Gingrich west

Granted Brian Arno knows have advantages over more commonplace knowers (*Men's This for General*, November), however, a Sweet Army knife may open a bottle of wine, but it will never, never make a treat. Trust, you see, don't have sides.

H. Rosen  
Athens, Ga.

## Sunshine and Schiller

As the trustee for the Elizabeth Taylor Trust, I feel the obligation to let the readers, and especially to Larry Schiller, relate his right to the *Screenplay* project (Moff's Agent, October). Mr. Schiller does not own, and has never bought, as you suggest in your article by Robert Friedman, any rights relating to Mrs. Elizabeth's story. He worked as an agent on behalf of the trust set up for the benefit of the deceased's minor child.

Shelley B. Den  
Denver, Colo.

## Critic's critic

No, as Bill Moyers got it all wrong in "The Envelope, Please" (The Sound and the Fury, November).

There is no one whom John Leonard of The New York Times takes more seriously than John Leonard of The New York Times.

Christopher Lehmann-Haupt is the one Leonard doesn't take seriously. I mean, Leonard is not without critical credentials.

Roger Kohn  
New York, N.Y.

*Esquire* wants to hear from you. Letters should be mailed before the fifteenth of the month. The Sound and the Fury, Esquire, 448 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022.

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**Esquire**

# Conflict Of Interest: A Growing Problem For Couples

by Eleanor Randolph

*As two-career couples increase and as women rise higher in the power structure, the conflicts become more serious*

**T**here is a problem that my mother did not tell me about, and neither did Gloria Steinem. When they lectured on women and careers, they always emphasized the conflict between the office and the home. Mother naturally rooted for the home, while Ms. Steinem lobbied for the office. What they left out was that there is sometimes another conflict—not the one between home and office but the one between office and office. His and hers.

More and more, this problem has a rather ominous-sounding name: conflict of interest. In the old days, when someone faced conflict of interest, the writer would usually be dressed up by, say, dressing sick, but today's conflicts of interest are sometimes more difficult to solve. It is generally easier, as we shall see, to shed a financial interest than a lover or a husband.

Eleanor Randolph is a Washington correspondent for the Chicago Tribune.

Many social changes come to be symbolized by one person. Richard Nixon forever transformed the way we look at political power; for example, Bert Lance pretty well ruined the bank-overdraft business for the foreseeable future. Lee Ray made it harder for politicians to keep interests on their payrolls, at least if they can't type, and now a young woman named Laura Forenza has made life more difficult for all couples with conflicts.

The complaint against Lee Ray was that she slept with a politician but did not do the job she was ostensibly hired to do. The complaint against Laura Forenza is that she slept with a politician but kept rushing off doing the job she was hired to do. One difference between the two cases is that Ray was on the payroll whereas Forenza was on the payroll of a newspaper. Another difference between the two scandals is that while Ray aroused very little sympathy, Forenza has excited not only sympathy but empathy. Many people see in her something of themselves.

Today's conflicts of interest are sometimes more difficult to solve. It is generally easier to shed a financial interest than a lover or a husband.

Laura Foreman has become more than an individual; she is a phenomenon, a category.

To understand the Laura Foreman phenomenon one must first understand just what Laura Foreman did. She began on the night of June 11, 1975, when Laura Virginia Foreman says she started her romance with Henry J. "Buddy" Caudwell. She was a political reporter for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*, and she believed it was love. He was a wheeler-dealer South Philadelphia politician, and there is solid evidence that he believed it was love, and also maybe a good deal.

It was the first night of a romance that would make a lot of other conflict-of-interest couples in this country nervous about their own affairs two years later. For the Laura Foreman affair would go down as the history of our time as the first case in which a woman reporter left her job and her reputation because she slept with the subject of her stories. In all, Foreman wrote sixteen stories about Buddy Caudwell directly—several of them after the date when he had changed from her source to her lover. By the time the story of her conflict of interest broke, she had graduated from *The Philadelphia Inquirer* to *The New York Times*. So it was *The New York Times*

internal couple in all professions, but it particularly puts pressure on reporters because reporting was Laura Foreman's trade. She has taught us that besides avoiding pockets and purses and fat envelopes that come under the table, we also have to screen our bedrooms. Falling that, we may have to change our jobs. Or, to quote one woman familiar with the Laura Foreman case and unhappy about what it does to the state of affairs in our time: "It means that from now on we're going to have to watch our asses and everyone else's."

Surely that woman is correct and because this is a story about conflicts of interest, both apparent and real, I think it is best first to clear the record on my own conflicts—one apparent, the other real.

The apparent conflict is that I was once in love with a man who has become a politician. Although he is now only a close friend, I am very fond of him and could not write about him objectively. My editor agrees. So far this former romance has not created any problems for me, but if this man becomes famous and runs for President, I suppose I will have to stop covering national politics and start writing about health or economics or gardening.

"A lot of times each knows the other is keeping a secret. And we do have off-the-record sessions where we tell things and promise not to use them."

that fed Laura Foreman—which made the story even bigger.

The Laura Foreman-Buddy Caudwell affair put a lot of people on notice that social became an official conflict of interest. Perhaps it was inevitable that something like the Foreman case would happen sooner or later. Because the more two-career homes there are, the greater are the chances for conflict of interest. And the higher women rise in the power structure, the more serious those conflicts are bound to be.

The problem is not confined to journalism, but conflict-of-interest couples in the business world tend to be willing to talk only off the record. For example, there are two New York lawyers who happen to be married to each other and happen to work for different firms. The woman is currently opposing one of her husband's best clients in a lawsuit. "Of course," says this woman, who does not want to be named, "I'm not going to give him a hard time." Another woman who is shy about talking to reporters is Mary Wells Lawrence of the advertising agency Wells, Rich, Greene. She started out painting Shabby's airplane bright colors and ended up marrying the president of the airline. People could not decide whether they were more upset when she kept the aircraft for several years after the marriage or when she took on the TWA account and dropped Braniff. Mrs. Lawrence was unavailable for comment.

The Foreman case puts pressure on all conflict-of-

The second conflict is a more serious one. Laura Foreman remains a friend of mine, even though I think she did several things that were stupid and professionally wrong—like taking a lot of money and a fee cut from a man who was destined at some point to run out of luck with the law, and writing about him after she realized she was in love with him. Still, as far as I'm concerned, she had an infatuation affair, and from she got screwed professionally.

With these confessions I have tried to come clean. That seems to be one of the main rules that are emerging in this age of post-Foreman morality: If couples have a conflict of interest, they should put it on the record. At least as I was told by many of the conflict-of-interest couples I interviewed.

Which brings us to the case of...

#### CONGRESSMAN LES ASPIN AND JUDITH MILLER

Judith Miller, an economics reporter for *The New York Times*, dates Representative Les Aspin (D-Wisconsin), but she wrote a letter to the Times bureau chief in Washington criticizing the potential candidate. One of her areas of expertise is defense, but Aspin is an ostracized member of the House Armed Services Committee, so she has agreed not to cover defense at *The Times*.

"The area is really so funny," Miller says. "I covered defense long before I met Les. But he is someone you

would normally go to to get the other side of the story. In some ways I'm unhappy about that, but that's the look of the *frass*."

Like a lot of other women journalists, Miller is unhappy that the Laura Forenza case has brought her assessment into public view. She says, "I'm a little upset by the Forenza thing not only for her but for everybody. Otherwise we wouldn't be talking about this, because I really think my personal life is nobody's goddam business."

#### IN THE BEGINNING

Laura Forenza did not write a letter to *The Philadelphia Inquirer* in 1975, or even to *The New York Times* in 1977. In some ways, it would not have been like her to do so. It would have been bureaucratic, because Laura Forenza is not someone

Even thirteen years ago, when I first met her, Laura had the look of a woman who had shopped through our college literary heroes and packed her life out of a D.H. Lawrence novel. She moved slowly, then as now, with a kind of languid grace that contrasted so dramatically with the breathless, laptop-severely girls who dominated college campuses in the early Sixties.

Some of the men who worked there began to whisper. Of course, Laura Forenza did not exactly represent someone jealousy aimed at a woman. There are plenty of other examples.

Which brings us to the case of . . .

#### SALLY QUINN AND BEN BRADELL

Sally Quinn does not have the same sort of conflict as Laura Forenza. Her lover is her boss at *The Washington Post*, Ben Bradlee. Of course, this sometimes creates problems within the *Post*; some staff members complain that her copy gets special treatment. But conflicts within the newspaper are far preferable to conflicts of interest that set newspaper loyalty against loyalties to news subjects.

Some subjects do not realize at first that Sally Quinn is, according to her own description, "one of the most unpassionate people I know." But she does not seem particularly troubled about how her subjects view her.

"You can come to work and think of yourself as just one of the guys," says Quinn, "but the problem arises in the way that men see you, which is, in many cases, as a sex object. But it's not our problem. It's the problem of the men we interview."

"When the chips are down, I will go with the friend," says Barbara Howar. "I'm getting older and wiser. Jobs are easy to find, but good friends aren't."

#### FATHER FIGURE

Unlike Sally Quinn, Laura Forenza never even pretended that she was one of the guys. Many men saw her as a sex object, and this became her problem, not theirs.

She had other problems, too. Laura could be haughty and combative. By 1975, wives of women began to notice like chickens seeing a fox stalking their nest. They were terrified that she wanted their men and that if she wanted them, she could have them. For the most part, she wanted them only as friends and preferred her males to be much older, not particularly attractive men, like the one who would get her in trouble professionally, Buddy Gandy.

While the wives were a hostile force outside the newsroom, Laura also had enemies within. There were women reporters who saw her friendship with executive editor Eugene L. Roberts Jr. and guessed about how Roberts gave her special treatment. When Laura was made the first woman political reporter at *The Philadelphia Inquirer* in the paper's 180-year history,

"You have to understand Buddy," says Stark, who is a columnist for *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. "He has been a very good source for a lot of people on this paper, and it was not unusual for Laura to talk to him as a political reporter. That was how it started. He was a source."

"But Buddy also was somebody she could talk to personally, and when she had problems she went to him. The romance just developed from there."

"I know that a lot of people have difficulty understanding about him," she continues. "But he has a kind of old-world charm that a certain kind of powerful politicians consider in places like Philadelphia and Chicago and even the South. He is a classic South Philadelphia guy, and he could get anything done for anybody on that town. Of course, he may be a little crooked. I mean, he is under a one-hundred-and-tea-

cent judgment."

Laura undoubtedly knew Gandy's potential problems with the law. He had been charged with voter fraud years before, and the charges had been dismissed. As a state senator, he had contemplated legislation to keep a state-senate seat for a friend who had been convicted of extortion and sent to prison. Moreover, Laura at one stage passed along a quote from Gandy to one of *The Philadelphia Inquirer's* columnists. It concerned the fact that Buddy Gandy had tried to abolish the office of state prosecutor by telling friends, "If he can't get anything on me, what kind of prosecutor is he?"

"After the election, I introduced her and said, 'I'm Andy Jacobs [D-Indiana], and this is my wife, Martha Keys [D-Kansas]. We live in different states together.'"

Still, there is no accounting for human chemistry, and there was some kind of cross-cultural reaction between this blithe southern woman and this balding middle-aged word keeper that began provoking gossip and rumors in the spring of 1975.

The details of what followed are not private. A strange form of fates has been emerged in a manner that is tragic for a reporter—an old-fashioned newspaper editor who at this point of all its self-righteousness is just the kind of thing that would raise the phantasms of William Randolph Hearst and Joseph Pulitzer in pride minimally over the newsmen of Philadelphia.

Roberts, the *Inquirer's* executive editor, now excuses his paper's apparent excesses because of the excesses of his competitor, *The Philadelphia Inquirer*. The *Bulletin* chronicled numerous rumors of Laura's affairs with politicians and *Inquirer* editors. "They made Laura sound like a prostitute in a military encampment," says Roberts, who still gallantly defends his former employee.

But in truth Roberts' own paper did not keep much of Gandy's or Forenza's past romances out of print while it took on the task of investigating the one that most concerned it. Roberts does not apologize for

the seventeen-thousand-word section his paper published on the Forenza-Gandalf affair. He simply explains that he assigned the task of investigating the conflict to two Pulitzer Prize-winning reporters on the paper, Donald L. Hartlett and James B. Strole. Roberts took the two that they should investigate the case the way they would look into any conflict of interest involving a government agency. Then, because he was involved himself (he had hired Laura in 1972 and served as her editor until 1977), Roberts bowed out of the project and allowed another editor, who had not been involved, to take over.

Perhaps Roberts had learned from Forenza's mistake. She might have known the rule that if it looks like a conflict of interest, take yourself off the story. Which brings us to the case of . . .

#### LINDA WEERTHEIMER AND FRED WEERTHEIMER

Linda Wertheimer, a Capitol Hill reporter for National Public Radio, is married to Fred Wertheimer, senior vice-president of Common Cause and the organization's chief congressional lobbyist.

"If Fred is involved, I just don't cover it," Linda



She talked softly about unmoved moors and dark sights of the soul and how southern gurus like Faulkner's was often accompanied by a certain boozey sadness. She always looked stunned when they confronted her, as if captured by some combination of high intelligence and animal smell. White women talked to her, with few exceptions they looked jealous.

For that reason Laura had few women friends and many women enemies. When she came to *The Philadelphia Inquirer* in 1975, wives of women began to mutter like chickens seeing a fox stalking their nest. They were terrified that she wanted their men and that if she wanted them, she could have them. For the most part, she wanted them only as friends and preferred her males to be much older, not particularly attractive men, like the one who would get her in trouble professionally, Buddy Gandy.

While the wives were a hostile force outside the newsroom, Laura also had enemies within. There were women reporters who saw her friendship with executive editor Eugene L. Roberts Jr. and guessed about how Roberts gave her special treatment. When Laura was made the first woman political reporter at *The Philadelphia Inquirer* in the paper's 180-year history,

she. "He has given stories to CBS and *The New York Times*, and I'm screaming at him, 'Why didn't you give that to me?' He's very cold-blooded about it. He says they have a lot more readers or viewers than I do. A lot of times each of us knows the other is keeping a secret. And, of course, we do have those off-the-record sessions where we tell each other things and promises not to see them. Of course, if it's really hot, Fred doesn't tell me," she says. "But it isn't a problem for me. There aren't any secrets on Capitol Hill anyway." The Wertheimers believe that at least in one way they have been particularly successful in keeping their personal and professional lives separate. Many people who know them both don't realize that they are married. "Sometimes they ask if I know him," Linda Wertheimer says, "and other times they think we are related."

#### EXPOSE

Editor Roberts was less successful in solving his problem. His friends say he was distressed when he first saw the seventeen-thousand-word special section after it was in print. It was more than a guilty washing of the *Inquirer's* sins. (Continued on page 155)

# California vs. the U.S.

by Richard Reeves

If Jerry Brown runs against Jimmy Carter in 1980, it will be

The thirty-sixth President of the United States came to Los Angeles ten months after taking office to speak at a Democratic-party fund-raising dinner. He was introduced by the governor of California, who spoke for just over a minute before concluding, "So, with that, I think he's here."

But President Carter wasn't there yet, and Jerry Brown said, "Oh, he's not here yet? I'll go into phase two of my speech: are there any questions?"

"We're going to be here awhile, what else can we talk about?"

After another minute, the President did appear, and the governor said, "Let's go in welcoming President Carter to our state." Brown stepped away from the lectern and shook hands with Democratic national chairman Kenneth Curtis, then turned his head and began a small conversation as Jimmy Carter, without fanfare, walked across the ballroom stage of the Century Plaza Hotel.

"It really is a pleasure for me to be back in Los Angeles," the President said. "I got a personal, handwritten note from your governor, Jerry Brown. But I decided to come anyway."

It was Carter's last good line. After a speech that could only be—and was often—called boring, the President sat for an hour at a table for eight with the governor, but the two did not speak. When Carter stood to leave, the eight hundred formally dressed \$1,000-a-plate guests rose with applause. Brown stood, his hands joined deep into the jacket pockets of his business suit, and remained standing as the Reverend William Hobbs of the Westwood Methodist Church began his



benediction with an echo of the *Star Wars* stamp disaster: the thirty-nine-year-old governor introduced into national politics: "Almighty Father, we who inhabit

your Spaceship Earth . . .

The President did not speak in the elevator going upstairs, and his aides were afraid to say anything. "The line is drawn," one said later. "We know and they know."

"The line," Carter and Brown. The 1980 presidential election "Jerry Brown—who must be viewed as the single largest threat on the horizon within the Democratic party," began one of the key sections of the "Initial Working Paper on Political Strategy," a fifty-six-page memorandum delivered to the President by his politico, Patrick Caddell.

"Love." As he respects public, prefers his own methods, Brown would repeat the word itself. When I asked him what he had learned as governor, he answered: "The shortest way to get acceptance is not a straight line." Then, on another subject, he referred me to a magazine called *New Age Journal*, in which a profile of him by Peter Berry Charko included the sentence "After following and carefully observing Jerry Brown both in his public campaign and in private encounter, I still have a great resistance to transforming the experience to linear language."

And Brown is right. If Brown and Carter contend in 1980, it will not be an old-style, sharply defined house campaign at all. It won't even be particularly political. It will be a cultural civil war—the new salutes against the old, the West against the East, Spaceship Earth against the Puritan Ethic, California

a cultural civil war—Spaceship Earth against the Puritan Ethic

against the rest of us and our stuffy history.

But what is California? Certainly it is more than straight lines on a map. The Golden State has been called the future so often that it may be hard to recognize that it has become the present. Its values and attitudes, relentlessly, electronically transmitted, are here, everywhere. Perhaps all that is missing is the dual symbolic surrender of resistance, the acceptance of Jerry Brown as the national leader, a President who can cite rock singer Janis Joplin, as Brown did two years ago during a panel discussion entitled "Education and Wisdom," saying, "I not once out of *Fires and Flowers* that I did out of all of Yale."

Whatever Brown intended going east to Yale Law School in the early Sixties, the question of the early Eighties would seem to be whether the California generation is deep enough to foster his ascension. Casey McWilliams, one of the great interpreters of the state and state of mind, thinks this time has come. "The notion has spread," he says, "that California has become just like the rest of the country, only more so; it might better be said that the nation is becoming just like California, only less so."

The White House of Jimmy Carter, of course, is not big as metempsychosical musings. Brown remains any a cottage industry there, but the reasoning is linear: (a) the Republican party probably will not be able to muster the strength, candidate and issues to deny Carter a second term in 1980; (b) even if Carter is not particularly popular there, Gerald Ford demonstrated that it is still exceedingly difficult to defeat an unprepared incumbent President in a general election; (c) Ronald Reagan and Eugene McCarthy

proved, it is not all that difficult to defeat an incumbent in primary elections.

The official Brown response to all this was laid out in a five-question interview Brown granted Lynn Bechtel of *The Washington Star* after she had waited two hours outside his door. She reported: "Does he think about running for President again?" "I don't think that's an important question," he says. "What are his personal goals?" "None that I'm willing to articulate right now."

His last three answers, delivered with the manic candor he has raised to an art form, were: "I don't think that rises to the level of whatever publications you work for"; "I don't really think much of those kinds of questions"; "Now, you know I've not going to answer that."

Two thousand words later, Ms. Bechtel, who is a very good reporter, ended her piece by describing the scene as Brown showed her a vial of yucca-bean oil, a California cosmetic derivative he hopes can be used in developing a local cosmetics industry. "Of course," she wrote, "sophomores has long since fled. Somehow it seems entirely plausible that Jerry Brown's jobless team can solve the problems of California. Of the world, perhaps."

Richard G. Brown Jr. is not boring. That could be the key to the 1980 election—and to the future of the United States of America. It used to be that incumbent Presidents were not challenged for reelection at least if they were seen as reasonably competent and moderately popular. Jimmy Carter is both these things, and he should be twenty years from now, but he is also kind of boring. Ambition, drive, hard work—the old virtues chronicled by Heribert Ager—



begin to make the President look like The Stone Grit.

Broadway. The ultimate aim is California. And if we are all becoming Californians—at Berkbank is doing its best to make us such night between eight and eleven as prime-time television—can we hear it be heard in 1980? Perhaps we must begin a contest. We must be entertained. The average life of successful prime-time television series is three to four years—we can switch from "The Stone Grit" and "All in the Carter Family" to that new one, "Star Vote."

What are they doing to us? Are they right? Was John Morgan, a British Broadcasting Corporation producer who did a documentary on California, right when he said? "I have seen the future and it plays."

No, not quite. Kevin Starr, a California historian dealing with the years 1860 to 1915, was much closer: "Such was perhaps the central question of the California experience what, after all, was human happiness and—whatever it was—why did it prove so elusive . . ." An admission with self-diffident pride, one of the dangers of the California dream."

The New Englanders and southerners who affirmed the right is the source of happiness never expected to catch it. Californians, it seems, expect to find it—lying there, like the gold near Sutter's Mill or the oil under the streets or the sun everywhere. Jimmy Carter, a southerner who is, ironically, Yankee in almost everything but intent, may live to be the last defender of a system and society designed to sustain false aspirations out a living from rocky, frosty ground.

I'm not knocking paradise. Far with Harry James before he called California "laissez" in 1905, he wrote to his sister: "The charming sweetness and comfort of that spot has completely broken me over—such a delicious difference to the rest of the United States did I find in it!"

It is very delicious. As I waited outside his office far my turn with the governor of California, I flipped through the only magazine around, *San Diego Connoisseur*, the journal of the San Diego chapter of the Associated General Contractors of America.

"Sleep well, my wife," Louis said, and phoned the blade into his wife's chest, killing her (stomach). Then he removed the knife, and carefully wiped it on his dead wife's flowing golden hair . . ."

What's this? It read like a novel. It was a novel. To celebrate the fifteenth anniversary of their association, the contractors had commissioned a historical novel based on the construction business in San Diego. Doccima, in print. Why didn't the chapter in Duluth, Minnesota, think of that?

A couple of hours later when I left Brown's office, he was met by two of his assistants, Rudy Schlesinger, the former attorney, and Stewart Friend, the editor of *The Whole Earth Catalogue*. They were off to lunch with Ray Bradbury, the science-fiction writer.

In between, and later, Brown and I talked about space, his newest passion, and each other's losses. He asked whether I was kidding with my anti-California

grumbling. I asked whether he was kidding a couple of years ago when he said New York was deadbeat.

We assumed each other that you can't take everything seriously. But we are both of a generation that has learned that if you are seriously outrageous in deed or word, particularly word—if you kid around enough—you can avoid responsibility or attribution for talking too much. So Brown can get away with contradicting himself by throwing out lines like "That was then, now is now" or "These were just words." It's fun to imagine what would have happened to older politicians—say, Lyndon Johnson or Richard Nixon—if they had tried the same talk.

In the end, because I see serious I assume he must be serious—about Yale, New York and other things

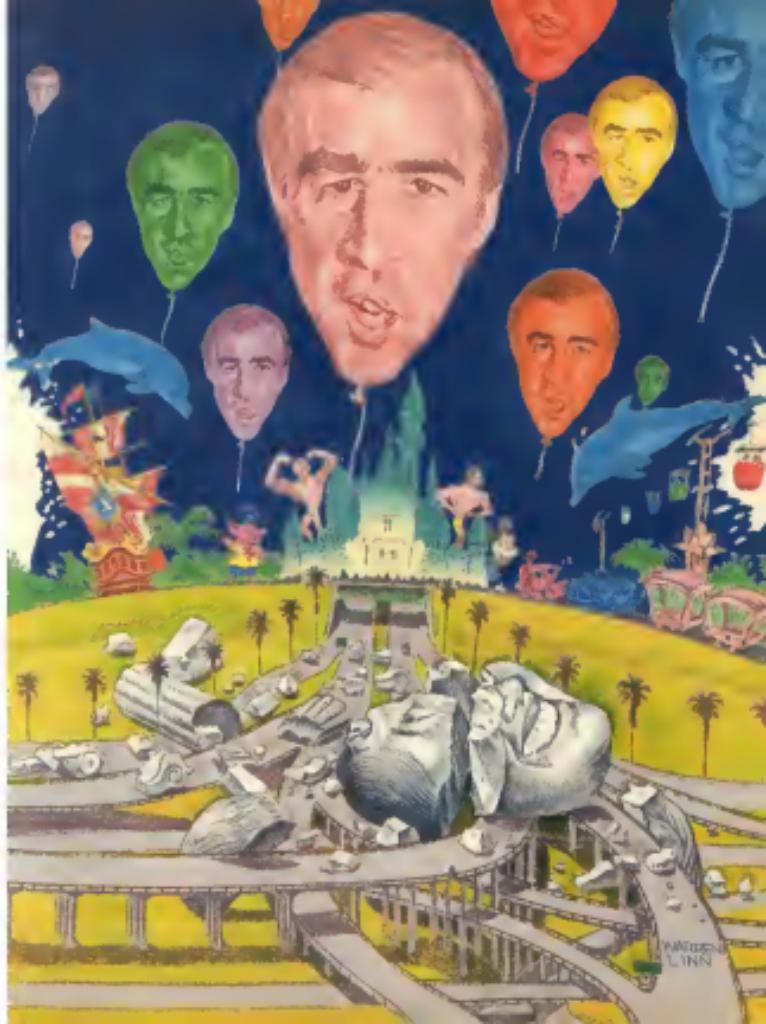
natura. It was certainly a serious act when he traveled to Manhattan for two days of pitchin' corporalities on the advantages of moving to the West Coast and when he argued, successfully, that the 1984 Olympics should be held in Los Angeles rather than New York

because "we all know where the economic action is."

The real action in the United States, on one level, is a stand-off cultural war, between East and West—in broad-based, between Los Angeles and New York City. That struggle has seemed most apparent in television, the country's biggest engine. California has already won on the entertainment side, a victory that was probably finalized last year when CBS's top programmers finally made the move from Manhattan to Berkbank. Except for forty-five-second film clips that set scenes in, say, Chicago, Minneapolis or New York, American children are raised on (entertaining) information collected and produced in Los Angeles. My children seem to have the vague idea that everyone else in the country lives in garden apartments flanked by palm trees.

The same thing is now happening in news and might be signaled when NBC chooses one of two former Los Angeles newsmen—Tom Snyder and Tom Brokaw—as the network anchor and control of NBC News. "The difference is not where television people were born but whether they were educated in New York or California, where they succeeded first," said Richard Wald, the former managing editor of the New York *World Tribune* who was forced out as president of NBC News by the network president, Herbert Schlosser, who had worked his way up through the corporate ranks in Los Angeles. "California understands the real purpose of television is to sell a cause for advertisers. California-selected people are concerned with effects, not causes. Content becomes secondary." They also leave a form of adaption. They don't worry. They don't worry if they lose an argument. If they lose on something, they just go on as if it never happened."

Opposite page: The eastern establishment considers the whole racing狂热 as the California style



He could have said content is "just words" and switching position is meaningless because "that was then, now is now." Jerry Brown's 1976 presidential campaign manager, a Los Angeles lawyer named Mickey Kunkel, once told me "Jerry and I didn't matter what he said as long as he sounded different from other politicians." I suddenly remembered Brown's being asked what his foreign-policy credentials were and his answer: "Clouds of thought."

Brown, then, is a California centrist, may not be quite the original he appears to be in the rest of America. He could be another copy from a gigantic Xerox machine. The metaphor comes from an article in 1976 in *The Wall Street Journal* by Benjamin Stein, a Nixon White House speech writer turned California writer and television consultant.

"A message are shaped by the LA experience, so it is there LA values that are being spread everywhere," Stein wrote. "The world is being remade in the image of L.A., and that image was in turn shaped by unique needs and pretenses . . . L.A. is not a center of high culture or great art. But L.A. is where people are moving and being influenced by L.A. as the annual in a gigantic Xerox machine that is spreading its copies everywhere. It is, in a certain sense the center of the universe."

Perhaps Los Angeles deserves to be that center in a media age. It is, after all, the only major city in the world created by media. The others were essentially accidents of geography, usually the geography of water—ports or river cities. Los Angeles was the product of the land-development scheme presented by the Los Angeles Times early in the twentieth century—and when people began responding to that paradise prospect, the Times and the rest of the small city's business establishment began expostulating water from valleys hundreds of miles away.

"Communication erodes provincialism," said Brown, who is the only major American politician to have a real grasp of the implications communications technology holds for the future of the planet. Following that thought, Los Angeles becomes the capital, the rest is provinces.

Perhaps—probably—that is inevitable. It's where most people want to be. A Gallup poll asking Americans where they would prefer to live showed San Francisco the first choice, Los Angeles the second and San Diego the seventh. That, of course, is how California did it, got in a position to rule over the country. For a hundred years, the Golden State has imported people—and the energy and money they accumulated elsewhere. California's in-migration peaked at about a thousand persons a day in the early 1970s, then dropped to predictably mere about 1979; but it's on the rise again and it may be something like the free hundred a day California is to America as America was to Europe, only better: most Americans immigrants were penniless; most California immigrants are not.

If the lesson of history is that America came to dominate the Old World, then America—if least most of the other forty-nine states—may be the new Old World.

To an outsider, it often seems that those immigrants are the only thing supplying California with the human energy and ideas for its rise to destiny—European scientists who win Nobels at a California university and lots from Europeans who make money or, what Jean Dufaux described as Hollywood's highest art form, deals. People there long enough seem to absorb rather than eat energy. Is that charming credulity, why not? The sentence that struck me in Cyrus McCormick's foamy/brightening book *The Serial: A Year in the Life of Marin County* was: "Marin here was pretty much all into the same gestalt: imported beer, veggie and sour cream, dig for bone derivatives, and a clientele so hot back their collective energy level couldn't run an electric toothbrush."

The relationship between work and leisure is always central to any comparison of the two coasts—or to the thinking of anyone who ever worried about his daughter's getting her PhD and then becoming a waitress at the "No Name" in Sausalito because that leaves more time for nature and self-d fulfillment. That eastern reflex was tested when Brown began talking about "psychic income," meaning that perhaps because their work was interesting, judges in California might consider taking the same pay as janitors. He may be right. But it was also fitting that the first high official in a Puritan country to question the spiritual value of work just should be the governor of California.

Is he actually attacking the value of work? Of suffering? Of those steady, boring jobs that made America great? "No," said Brown, who himself works like a Pilgrim in Plymouth. "I'm saying that when I hear people complaining that they're not making enough money, I juxtapose that with the endurance of their forebears compared with other people who lead more frenetic existences." Remodeling of the brain does give you a certain reward that putting on biceps all day doesn't. . . . There are still people who want those head-to-the-ground jobs."

The natives and expatriates from somewhere who do make California work so well seem to be heavily concentrated in what might be called the experient business. They export ideas of a sort, ideas with a California twist or twisted California ideas—driving motifs, art, credit cards, student results, political consultants, stockbrokers, shorter statutes of limitation appropriate to a population trying to get away from themselves or something else.

The original inhabitants of what became Los Angeles County were Indians called the Yang-on. As far as we can tell, the Yang-on were very low on the Indian cultural ladder, far below the Great Plains Indians, to say nothing of the Sioux, but they were never warlike people and they were lonely basketry.

Perhaps that is the future of the United States—a

domestic service economy and idea exporting. The future, then, as usual, is already in California, where only one out of four jobs is related to production of goods. About 760,000 of 8.7 million working Californians are in education. Leaving aside the question of whether California would possess high technology or nice basketry without the gift of immigration from harder classes, Jerry Brown probably has a surer and more visionary grasp of that kind of future and some of its implications than any major political leader in the country.

"Technology and a continuous ability to generate new ideas is the only way we can maintain our present position," he told me. "We're going to get our state and others from scratch in Hong Kong or South Korea.

We have to produce semiconductors, silicon panels to generate electricity from the sun, figure out a way to remove toxic wastes.

"What's driving this anxiety? It's basically ideas. That's what drives the progressions throughout history. The things California started—the movie industry, with a funny little machine fifty years ago. It's a billion-dollar industry. The record industry, all it is is a lot of sounds. They sit in a studio and they spin the little machine . . . violins, the sound, all this complicated stuff. And that is a fear-billion-dollar industry coming out of a series of little studios on Sunset and Hollywood boulevards. It's an incredible thing to say—they just sit there for a month and then something comes out and they press it out and it goes all over the world and a hundred million dollars may come back to California. . . . New ideas keep creating new wealth to add to the old wealth—it just expands and then you export rather than import, you export your products and then money comes in and the whole state prospers.

"Communication won't like physics—object A collides with object B, causing . . . in communications there's nothing. What is it? People are trying to explain to models was what communication is as opposed to perception. Now the greatest part of human activity in this country, certainly in California, involves informatics processing. It's communication. Communication through records, sound, paper, Xerox machines, the Telstar, telephone. More people are spending more of their time on collecting, analyzing and processing information, and that is an entirely different culture from what we've known. It's just a different way of looking at the world. It has to affect the way we think of ourselves and the way we react."

"I see the day when we may have a thousand television channels. You'll plug in University of California lectures, the knowledges of a major multinational corporation, the governor's office, Congress, the supermarket. By pressing a button you'll get more and more information on the decision making going on there's a fact, and that tends to break down hierarchy. . . . What's amazing right now is that anybody can nose into my office—a group of people whether they represent film workers, doctors' wives, kids—and they can

say their little piece, all the television cameras will be on them, and they will have the same access to the people of this state as the governor of California. That's our democratic government, and that's what's changing. When anyone in this society can project a legitimate claim on our feelings in that way, then no politician, no writer how powerful, can just close that off. . . . That information is the equalizer, and that breaks down the hierarchy. There are a lot of institutions that are living in a world that is rapidly passing them by."

The communications revolution has instead created a new world, a mad one for California. Telephone, jets, television and the rest of the twentieth-century revolution ended the historical notion of the West Coast and created a nervous system through which it began remaking. Re freshmen is an older world. Infectious norms. Now, with increasing American independence with the Pacific—almost seventy percent of California's international trade is with

"Information is the equalizer; it breaks down the hierarchy. A lot of institutions are living in a world that is rapidly passing them by."—Jerry Brown

America—California may not need the rest of us. It has a governance extracted by bigger things. When Eugene McCarthy helped Brown a couple of months ago shoot space and suggested he "break with the real things down here," Brown answered: "Space is the future. It is exploration—new worlds, new ideas, new civilization—the possibilities are limitless. What do you think Queen Isabella was doing when she left Columbus to sail? You think she was just being an explorer?" Unlike McCarthy, the Carter White House considers the California moon impractical than unimportant. The political operatives there monitor the pastel world in more traditional ways and, not surprisingly, see a more traditional contest developing. In 1980, after, they assure, Brown is reelected as governor this year, Balaam Jordan, Robert Strauss and Pat Coddell, the President's most important strategists, fully expect a Brown challenge. But they hope, and will do whatever they can to make the wish the fact, that the governor will not be alone. "We have to find a way to avoid a one-on-one confrontation," a Carter aide said. "If we have to fight in 1984, the more candidates the merrier, the better for Carter." Like who? "Pat Marquard, Gary Hart, Hugh Carey, Ted Kennedy—anybody who can split the anti-Carter vote in the party. We'll pay them to run."

The Carter thinkers have also been encouraged by a couple of emerging trends in their polling on the Revolving of America: they find a noticeable shift back to support of older values (work, marriage, God and country) among younger voters and a broader among people who say they voted for Brown in the 1976 primaries to question now whether their candidate would actually make a good President. But these same White House workers are not so encouraged that they haven't begun to try to sell the Californians off at the polls by changing the rules of the Democratic nomination game. Among other things, they have initiated or supported a (Continued on page 125)

# An Insider's View Of Jerry Brown

by J.D. Lorenz

*A colleague's linear notes on the governor's distinctly nonlinear style*

**O**ne day during the 1974 gubernatorial campaign, Jerry Brown was quite excited about a television commercial he had just viewed. It was his law-and-order ad. He was shown sitting with a group of older people, telling how his grandmother had taken a walk in the park every day of her adult life until she had become too afraid of being mugged. Jerry ran through the ad verbatim, and every five words or so he would chop the air with his right hand and say, "Buzz word!" "Buzz word, buzz word, buzz word, buzz word," he said gleefully. "That ad has six buzz words in it. I sound tough, and I haven't proposed anything the liberals can criticize me for. In fact," he crowed, "I haven't committed myself to do anything at all."

I had never heard the term "buzz word" before, but the sound was so descriptive that I knew what Jerry meant as soon as he ran through his little pedagogical exercise. "Buzz word" is a word or phrase that when spoken in front of a particular audience summons up in their minds a series of associations that are most directly stated by the speaker. The beauty of the buzz word is that by depending on implication rather than explanation, it can evoke a powerful response without pinning down the politician to anything specific for which he may be held accountable.

One day during the middle of the 1974 fall campaign, I remember, several of us were meeting with Jerry at his home to discuss how he was going to handle the next television debate with Houston Flanney, his Republican rival. The debate was to deal exclusively with the subject of education. Since Flanney was an expert on education, I quickly reasonably assumed that Jerry would want to study the lengthy position paper we had prepared. I was mistaken. There was no way he could "outexperts" Flanney, Jerry said, so rather than wade through forty pages of material, he would look for one issue that could capture the first thirty seconds on the evening news. "We're looking for a newsworthy issue," Jerry's campaign manager, Tom Quisen, explained. "Something quick and dirty."

But what was newsworthy? Newsworthy, I learned that afternoon, was disagreement, conflict, contrast (the newspaper reporters shifted their notebooks in their pockets when Jerry and Flanney agreed with each other.) Newsworthy was a hero and a villain. Newsworthy was making the point in fifteen words or less. Newsworthy was the use of easily recognizable symbols. Newsworthy was the correlation between what the speaker talked about and the environment in which he was speaking. (The Brown-Flanney debate was going to be held at the University of California campus at Irvine.) Newsworthy was what the speaker

got off on technicalities. And "not" was for those who are concerned about due process. The phrase had something for everybody, opening up with an appeal to the conservatives and concluding with reassurance for the liberals.

What distinguished Jerry from other politicians, I think, was not that he used buzz words but that he was more adept at making them up. He had a rare gift as a wordsmith. He also worked at it, constantly. Hours were spent concocting the right three or four words for a five-minute talk. And then, when the presentation had been plotted out paragraph by paragraph, even including the lead in the story he wanted the reporter to write, Jerry would take additional time to consider how to make it all look spontaneous.

He was a media master!

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started out talking about. Newsworthy was what the audience responded to. Newsworthy was a well-turned phrase, a quipable remark. Newsworthy was putting it all together.

It seemed like a big order, coming up with a statement that satisfied all of these criteria. But Tom and Jerry did it in half an hour. They were like two good short-order cooks. Tom remembered that when Flanney was state controller he had hosted the State Lewis

trically, and Flanney spent several minutes explaining

In the new politics of less is more that Jerry Brown was developing, personality replaced program. A great deal was made of Jerry's personal life. Jerry would expand at length on his philosophy while conveying the clear sense that his words could not lead to any action that would infringe on other people's space. "They're just words," he said to me one day after he

## YOU'VE SEEN THE MOVIE; NOW READ IT IN REAL LIFE

Warren Beatty cast Robert Redford as "The Candidate," an empty Californian managed by a crew of media manipulators. Impressing on art Jerry Brown was able to play off the roles in real life. The photographs, however, are taken from the film.

"...Buzz word, buzz word..."



There was no way he could "outexperts" his opponent, Jerry said. So maybe he would chop the air with his right hand and say, "Buzz word, buzz word, buzz word, buzz word."

Commission, which negotiated leases with the oil companies for offshore drilling sites owned by the state of California. Part of the revenues from the oil leases, Tom thought, were deposited in a special construction fund for the University of California. If we could plausibly argue that the leases had been negotiated for too low a price, then Jerry could appear in front of a small audience and charge Flanney with short-changing the university.

The debate went off like a charm. Jerry opened up as the offeree, the audience responded enthuzi-

astically, and Flanney spent several minutes explaining. Jerry had discovered the way to use the media to get his message through in the way he wanted, when he wanted. Be truthful. Be calm and straightforward. Be entertaining. The rationale behind his approach was simplicity itself. If he never said anything that threatened interest groups that could fight back (he would try to defer the heavy-duty work to his appointees and to the legislature, he once told me), his public statements would go unchallenged—and he would appear to be right more often than not, in

*This article is an excerpt from J.D. Lorenz's forthcoming book, Jerry Brown: The Man of the White Horse, which will be published by Hippocrene Mifflin this spring. Lorenz was a special consultant for research during Jerry Brown's 1974 campaign and, from January to July, 1975, the director of the California Employment Development Department. Currently he's the director of the Council for Pacific Interstate Law in Washington, D.C.*

charge, the master of the situation. And if he was around and made good copy, he would help to sell more newspapers and television time and the media would love him.

"Jerry has a real genius for the media," Richard Maslin, the campaign manager, told me one morning before the election. "Jerry's a magnetic personality. It's his strength as well as his weakness. Jerry doesn't have the same attachments other people do. He doesn't care about friends or possessions or sports. He's totally into power." And because of this single-minded devotion, and because, as Richard put it, "Jerry lives on the fringe," Jerry possessed a direct link to the collective touch with people's anger, their frustrations, their hopes, often before they were themselves, and he was able to express those feelings in terms people understood. The resolution was particularly important to touch upon, Richard felt. Any politician who wished to establish deep contact with the voters had to be "a little bit man." Ordinary people were subjected to all sorts of pressure. They felt irritated a lot of the time. Jerry was going to express the irritations for them. George Wallace was the first to play on the anger, Richard said, but Jerry would be more effective because he would be more respectable. Jerry would be the thinking man's George Wallace.

The morning of February 28, 1976, I walked over to the governor's office to find Jerry affiliated.

"The Los Angeles Times says I'm not doing anything," he explained, referring to an article lying on the coffee table. "I'll show them. I'll do something. What is today, the last day of the month? All right, we'll have a flurry of activity."

It was as if we had to do our business before the clock struck twelve and the couch turned into a pumpkin. The last day of February was a beach mark. The honeymoon was

## "...Buzz word, buzz word..."



**The L.A. Times says I'm not doing anything... I'll do something... What am I going to do?**

unconscious. Jerry was in touch with people's anger, their frustrations, their hopes, often before they were themselves, and he was able to express those feelings in terms people understood. The resolution was particularly important to touch upon, Richard felt. Any politician who wished to establish deep contact with the voters had to be "a little bit man." Ordinary people were subjected to all sorts of pressure. They felt irritated a lot of the time. Jerry was going to express the irritations for them. George Wallace was the first to play on the anger, Richard said, but Jerry would be more effective because he would be more respectable. Jerry would be the thinking man's George Wallace.

## "...Buzz word, buzz word..."



**"I can beat Cesar Chavez!" Jerry said. "I'll outlast him. He's too weak... to do one again!"**

ending. The press was beginning to scrutinize the record of the new administration. So far, there was no record, just buzz words and symbols.

"What am I going to do?" Jerry said. It seemed like a rhetorical question. "Maybe I'll make some appointments."

He laughed. He was improving. Appointments were easier than programs, he once used to tell me. The speaker didn't need to do anything. They just had to symbolize something.

"What about industrial relations?" Jerry asked as one in particular. Several of us were standing in the room. "Labor's been criticizing me for not appointing anyone."

Tom Quinn, Jerry's closest political adviser, cut in. He had something ready for a Saturday press release, he said. A billion dollars' worth of sewer projects, thirty-seven thousand construction jobs. Tom had been working at expediting the projects, cutting red tape, moving up the starting dates.

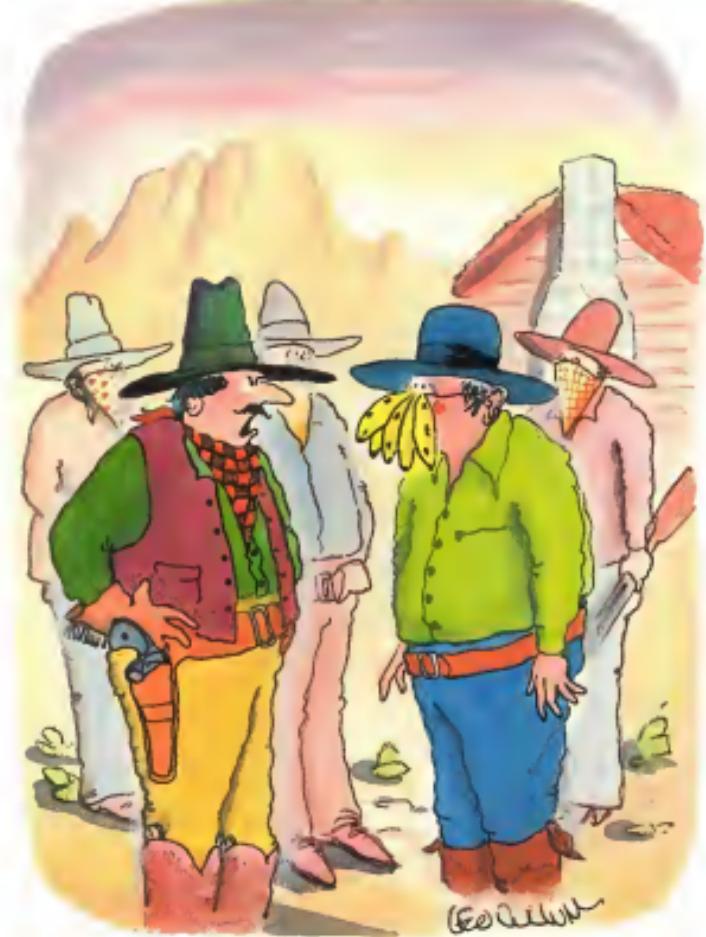
Jerry looked interested. He scanned the paper. Tom handed him Thirty-seven thousand jobs? The building trade unions and their leader, Jimmy Lee, would love it. Sewer? He could tell the Sierra Club he was cleaning up the environment. Cutting red tape? The conservatives would think he was making the government more efficient.

"I could do a press conference in Los Angeles,"

Jerry said. "Jimmy Lee on one side, the Sierra Club on the other. Me in the middle. It would be great."

Yes, I could see it clearly. Jerry would demonstrate that environmental protection need not wipe out jobs, as the building trades had been arguing. He would bring the warring groups together. Mr. Synthesis.

It was a resolution. Jerry was showing us something of himself. He often seemed to be saying, "Underneath, I feel like the very duckling." The image he crafted was a compensation for the nothingness he was.



**"I distinctly smell bandannas!"**

# Men And Their Libraries

by Suzanne Slesin

*You can tell a lot about a man from the way he keeps his books*

"Show me your books, and I'll tell you who you are," says John Fleming, one of the world's foremost rare-book collectors, whose New York library is shown on page 74. "I believe that when a man collects books and lives in his library, a certain atmosphere takes place and he develops a quality of transmission and intercommunication, even if the books are not read." Fleming may be right. A library is often a man's favorite room to relax or work in, whether he collects rare books or just makes a place for his beloved volumes. On these pages we show you such rooms—some grand, some homely, some tidy, some crowded. Each seems to portray the man as well as the library.

## Noble Prizes

Andrew Birkin Cavendish, eleventh Duke of Devonshire, sits in a library at Chatsworth in Derbyshire, England, his family's nest since the sixteenth century. There are seventeen thousand volumes here, a collection built from a library originally formed by Thomas Holles for the earls of Huntingdon. Every inch of wall space is covered with mahogany bookcases, and a balcony has been added for access to the upper shelves. The circular medallions and gold-painted woodwork were placed in the ceiling by Verro during the late seventeenth century. The room contains a portrait of Henry VIII after the famous one by Hans Holbein; the younger, two matching antique desks and a display case filled with several sixteenth-century hangings made for Jean Goujon. On the table in the foreground are two of the botanical books from this collection—a recent acquisition, a rare book on roses by Rostante, willow-pattern vases regaled in black and white as well as in color.

*Author editor Suzanne Slesin writes about home furnishings and design.*



**Marcus Bound**

"Like all Indians who were beautiful in their youth, I also have beautiful remains," enthused French novelist and essayist Georges Perec, pictured above, as he pointed to the antique Chinese screen that he transformed into a library cabinet for his sumptuous Paris apartment. In it he keeps a 1785 edition, in twenty volumes, of the complete works of Voltaire, "with his portrait engraved four times in gold or each volume," and a 1799 edition of the complete works of Jean Jacques Rousseau, all bound in red maroon. Once Perec's owned, "the most important collection of eighteenth-century erotic books ever assembled, all in beautiful bindings." These were sold at auction, and he says, "Now that the books are no longer here, I don't miss them."

**Book Wall**

"When you paint everything white," says painter and designer Jack Cugler, "only the things that are important stand out"—in this case, the Steinway grand piano and the main-right foot of books and records that lines one of the walls of his New York left, shown at right. "I started collecting books over twenty-five years ago," says Denis of his library, which is mostly made up of art reference books (placed alphabetically by name of the artist), novels and biographies (grouped by country). There's also a section of classical records and an alphabetical system for filing down music. Cugler installed industrial shelving and the atrium moldings. "The upholstery fabric is rumpled material. I just wanted to keep the structure past," he says.





### Mr. Master

Wickbold Inhelder designed the Queen's Room and Library and the Silver Room and American Room at the Savoy Hotel in London. But he has kindly done a thing for his own London house in the past twenty years. You'd never know it. He describes the living room/theater, at right, as "a mixture—it's French in part, wisdom in part—a personal statement I made in the Fifties." Most of the furniture is antique French: the writing-table is in aigues (Louis XV), the desk chair is Louis XIV. Inhelder sits in a uniquely long and low Louis XV chair. "The walls have been covered in coral velvet and the floor has been done by following some preserve fabrics in a key pattern. Tall bookcases are built in the walls to hold Inhelder's collection of books, some inherited, some purchased."



### W



### Cabinetwork

The large desk is late-seventeenth-century Italian; the shade on the desk lamp depicts Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims. The vast room shown at left, on New York's East Fifty-second Street, with its twenty-five-foot ceiling, was designed by William Sargent, an attorney and sports lover. Over six thousand rare books and manuscripts that make up the former A.S.W. Rosenbach library are stored in cabinets covered by glass doors. "This is a perfect place for me to combine my business and my hobby," says research dealer John Fleischman, who has written in the recent issue *Books and News* over the Rosenbach collection. "I'm only interested in the current books in the fleet collection. Rosenbach was the king of the rare-book world; I am the prince," he says.

### Bedsides Manners

"I generally believe that rooms have to have more than one function," says Julian Tsetsekos, design director of home products for Wamsutta Mills, shown here reclining in the bedroom/library of his New York apartment. "I do my penning for jazz pleasure in bed." Tsetsekos framed the bed with headboards that are tall enough above the bed so as not to be oppressive but near enough to give him instant gratification. He separates the books he studies for work ("those related to design impacts—antique-culture books from London, Dover books from Paris, Middle Eastern carpet books") from those books he reads "for life—music, fiction, biography." "I'm a reader," Tsetsekos says. "I simply get pleasure from the process of reading."



### Architectural Study

"Collecting books is like collecting other people's art," says John Pevsner, author of the *Buildings of England* series. "You can shift them away when you want to," says architect John Pawson, shown at left seated in his London library/studio. "I mean I collect books to feel not-sure about myself as a designer. I may mostly architectural books, anything on domestic building in England, and contemporary contexts of the way people lived." How does he organize his library for research? "I let it just all the books that have indexed pages in order of their date of publication, and I group them by subject because it doesn't matter when they were published. And I have my books cleaned and rebound. I just have books with endpapers all over them."



### Modern Classics

"I am not at all a sort of book," explains Belgian-born Alan Metzner, shown above in the library of the manor house apartment he designed with the help of his friend, architect Christopher Small. "There are books everywhere—scattered across the shelves, in piles on the floor van der Rohe coffee table, stacked on an end table for an adviser." Describing himself as "mainly art dealer, mainly shopkeeper," Metzner, who runs three elegant clothing stores in London, surrounds himself with things he likes—a Le Corbusier chaise, an eighteenth-century oak table, Chinese antiques, family heirlooms, fine art books, Photo books on textile tools and books by Tsvetkovitch and Malraux. "It's a mess," admits Metzner.

### Rare Vintage

"This room was planned completely as a peaceful, comfortable haven for reading and for talking," says Alan Powers de Rothschild, shown at right in the library at Waddesdon Rothschild, his sixteenth-century château near Bourges. His American-born wife, the late Baroness Paulette de Rothschild, designed the room for relaxation and study. All the wood has been gathered from the estate; the Marquésas has been upholstered by Jansen and, most importantly, all the lighting is indirect and subdued. Baron de Rothschild, who is among the foremost translators of Elizabethan poetry in France, has collected an impressive library on wrens and finds that complements his wife's interests. "This is a private room," he adds, "and as I wish it to be."



PHOTOGRAPH BY GUY LAWRENCE

# Reaching for



## Movable Feet

Rare English wooden mahogany ladder, which dates from about 1700, has a mounted leather and dark-green leather strap. It rolls easily and is \$7,500 from Philip Collett of London Ltd., 122 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. U.K. £1,000.

## Step on It

You can kiss the dust around, but when you step on it the wheels will lock. The Kid-Step's inch-high metal stiles are covered in rubber and come in black, tan, grey, white or green. It's \$25.50 at Fuller-Green Furniture, 41 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York, N.Y. 10022. The Kid-Step will be shipped anywhere in the U.S. for an extra \$5.

## Getting a Raise

Polyt. ladder is designed to fit you working high and narrow spaces. You can place a book on the top shelf as you stand on the platform forty-two inches above the floor. (Other sizes are available.) It's \$150 from the Potomac Rolling Ladder Company, 33 Howard Street, New York, N.Y. 10035. U.S. \$25.

# the Top Shelf



## Rolling Along

Varnished oak ladder has a top side feature that allows it to be pulled out for use or pushed back against shelves. The eighty-four-inch-tall ladder is \$85; truck is an extra \$1 a foot uninstalled. From Potomac Rolling Ladder Company. (Other sizes are available.)

Once you start collecting books, there's no turning back. Whether mass volumes or best sellers, books pile up and soon the shelves are reaching the ceiling and threatening to pull you out of the house. That's when you admit that you do, indeed, have a library and when you start thinking about crowded bookshelves and brittle paper. Take a look if you live in the Northeast; are you better off, in England, where the climate is perfect for keeping monographs and looks fresh for centuries? Then, too, you should have a library ladder, which will enable you to visit the top shelf. Here are six types, some antique, some modern and functional. To each his own.



## Small Steps

Antique English Georgian steps are twenty-four inches high and seventeen inches wide for a small library. \$1,650 from Arthur Arkenstone & Sons, 56 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York, N.Y. 10022.

**Double Duty**  
English Chippendale steps are over two hundred years old and fold to function as a table. They're \$2,600 from Duncan Pipp, 902 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10021.

# Friends

by John Gregory Dunne

*In all the years I have known him, I have never set foot in my friend's house. The reason is his son Noah. Noah is brain-damaged...*

**J**osh Greenfield is a friend of mine. For years now we have talked every day on the telephone. Twice, three times, sometimes four times, a day. Novelist, playwright, screenwriter, critic, journalist, columnist, director—Josh is all those things, and good at them, too, a jack-of-all-trades and master of more than one. I think of Josh, however, not as a compulsive scribbler but as the Second Pops of A.T.&T., a telephone plugged permanently into his ear, bringing news of the usual and the absurd, for both of which he has perfect pitch, from all the far-flung outposts and off-shoots of the writer's world. I tell him of a party in London, where all the glories of English letters showed up with someone else's wife or husband, papay or pedant, and wonder aloud how they are able to put out a book a year, two screenplays, several introductions, the odd journalism for the little magazines, and take a walking tour of the British Islands and a lecture tour through Tennessee, while still having the time for this elaborate social minutiae, "The English," Josh explains, "only screw twice a year." I complain bitterly about an actress for whom I am writing a screenplay. "Don't worry," Josh advises. "She has two left tits." It is an off-the-wall, nonlinear humor that I find myself squeezing up and squirming back into my own work without credit. Josh agrees complaisantly. He scatters his wit and wisdom like so much seed into the wind, almost as if it were meant to root under someone else's by-line. We laugh and laugh, dine and laugh some more. Never, however, at Josh's house. In all the years I have known him, I have never set foot in Josh's house. The reason is his son, Noah, Noah is brain-damaged.

We rarely admit how many filters there are on even the closest friendship. We filter what we tell our

friends, we filter what we receive from them. The quicksand of our own lives is so treacherous that friendship, at times, seems an almost fatal freight. More consciously than I care to allow, I try to aise conversations about hipsters, African tribesmen and disintegrating marriages. I want to have seconded, not first, when friends are removed from executive positions for "financial improprieties." There is a certain snobism to be found in the lives of strangers. Years ago I sublet a tiny apartment on Greene Square when I was in New York for a month. From the busy carriage in the vestibule and the Hartigan cleaning lady who came twice a week, from the photographs on the walls and the pill bottles in the medicine cabinet, from the appointment calendar on the bedside table and the telephone address book and the labels on the clothes left in the closet and the return addresses on the mail I forwarded, I could construct the profile of a life: Second marriage, small child with medical problem, seldom sees older children from a former marriage, lauded Catholic, unpaid witness, guaranteed salary, shaky job, insomnia, heart trouble. I knew more about these strangers who couped and were afraid in this gloomy closet than I knew about my closest friends, and without the emotional investment. That is, until that day sometime later when I came upon the bastards' obituary in *The New York Times*. A stroke at his desk. And a medium-size obituary that was like a thicker's report of the preface I had concocted. The accuracy of my invention suited me indefinitely: I had not invented so much scriveling on my friends.

Of course I know Noah. I have seen him twice, both at the beach, and if I had to pick an adjective to describe him, it would be "beautiful." He played in the sand, crowning himself, and except for the monotony of the sun and the fact that he acknowledged no greeting—not in itself unusual in a small child—

there was no indication that he was infected with what Josh calls, with terrifying detachment, genetic notation of a Japanese mother and a Jewish father, Noah: the perfect advertisement for intermarriage. Judy-anter and fuzzy. Fuzzy Greenfield—a painter and writer, sensible and funny. (To Josh, after reading a poem in *The New York Times* about superlative screenwriters and their \$500,000 fees, Fuzzy once said, "Why you get one digit less?") Josh and I talked about Noah, but to me Noah seemed an abstraction. Josh called him autistic; I could only think of his startling beauty. A mongolian child is real; Nash was literary, the protagonist in Josh's book *A Child Called Nash*. The story was true—the Greenfields' growing awareness of Noah's autism and their attempts to deal with it—but to me, when a book is finished and I put it into the shelves, the characters are frozen in time. In the morning Josh would call and we would talk about Phil Roth's new book, Harry Greenwald's *Start*, and Vicki Arevalo's *Imposter*; at lunch he would bring news about which the kids had bandied for tax evasion, what studio executive had just been fired and whose calamity had replaced him as vice-president in charge of production. He has a sort for gossip, an ability to fabricate from it fictions of such breathtaking verisimilitude that he would have no coupling with laughter. I would take a drink of water and inquire after Noah. "Sunday," Josh would answer plausibly, "I'm going to kill that kid."

Gallows humor, of course; it always made me uncomfortable. And yet, that particular malfeasance that was the Greenfields' own patch of territory in Pacific Palisades was an emotional DIME that I did not wish to reconstitute. It was not that I rejected the possibility—nay, the probability—that the beautiful child on the beach had overruled the earth around Josh and Fuzzy and their older son, Karl. I just did not want to contemplate

it. And as it was with the greatest reluctance several months ago that I accepted the manuscript Josh gave me. It was called *A Place for Noah* and it was a diary of the six years since the earlier book. A place for Noah—a desiderata euphemism, the "place" most probably an institution. I tried to put off reading the manuscript. I was going to Europe. I had my own galley to correct. But we both knew there was an implicit marker Noah was calling us: Read it. I settled down with the manuscript Friday afternoon; by Saturday evening I was a pathosiac mess.

What strikes me now after a second close reading of *A Place for Noah* is how much Josh flattered his friends. The Greenfields have a second life of which I was only dimly aware, a community of parents whom only death is the wreckage of their brain-damaged children. To institutionalize or not to institutionalize, that is the question that haunts them all. The researching of institutions is a self-destroying hole into the future Take Leitchworth Village: "the place reeked institution—the smell of urine and lye, the harsh green-painted walls, the dirty windows, the begrimed attitude and inexperience of untrained medical service. First the social worker had to do one of their essential words, sixty odd names in odd clothes sitting in a dayroom, all manner of freaks calling for a Bigarette, a Tampon, to sketch them. It was bath day, but the place still stank. Half the 'children,' as they were called, even though some were into their sixties and seventies, had to be fed; others weren't even toilet-trained. And there were still seven people to take care of them." This for Noah, beautiful Noah, who is now eleven years old.

Noah, who finger-paints on the bedsheet walls with his own emanence. Noah, whose occasional "Dad" or "Hi" is an oasis of speech in a desert of silence. Noah, who writes his pants and whose pants now emanate

John Gregory Dunne's latest book is the novel *True Confessions*, recently published by Delacorte.

to him, I say, "Hello, Noah." "We're going to school, Noah." "It's a nice day, Noah." The rest of the ride is in silence . . .

"September 18, 1974: When Noah came home from school yesterday, he kicked Fawcet in the stomach so hard that she doubled over in pain."

I had known none of these specifics, only that Noah was a problem, poked and prodded an institution all over the state, his brain scarred, his neurological functions monitored. Prognosis: uncertain. Yet, incredibly, Noah was producing a screenplay for which he was nominated for an Academy Award, a play about Martin Luther King that opened before Coretta King and an S.K.O. crowd at Ford's Theatre in Washington, then played across the land and on Broadway. He also sold a TV pilot, began a magazine column, ended a professional collaboration. This, not Noah, was the currency of our conversations.

Noah was a "problem," Noah was an abstract. And by thinking of him as such, I filtered out not only the lows but the highs, not only the reality of the family misery but also the reality of the family love. I did not realize that the Greenfelds had had slowly, painfully, come to the conclusion that there was a place for Noah and that the place was *not* an institution but with them, with the family. A family can feel pain that no professional therapist could fathom; a family can also find joy where no one else could locate it—in the look of a brain-damaged child swimming, in the look of a brain-damaged child across a parkade. "May 22, 1975: How I love Noah. A love beyond sex. A love beyond need. A love based on service. A love in fact. He can be so endearing—putting his face up to mine to be kissed I guess every pet has his wiles. But he is my pet." Noah had handseeded the berks on the Greenfield family tree. In 1961, Earl Greenfield, age ten, wrote a poem:

Noah Noah everywhere,  
he goes around just like er.  
And when you hear his sacred name  
you know hell'll come around like roan.  
And when he comes to stay  
he will stay his way.

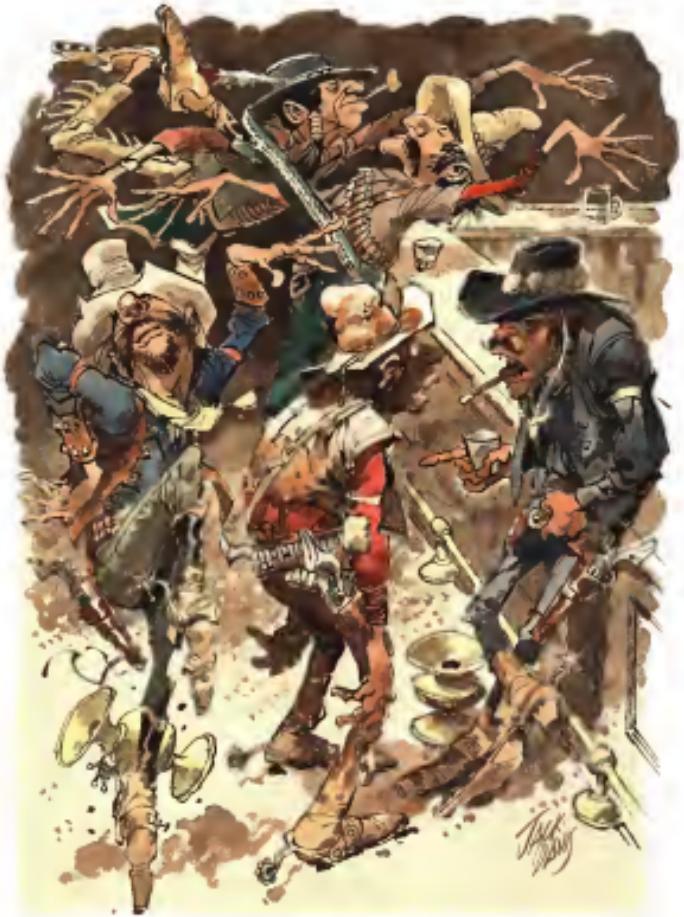
The Greenfields' place for Noah is not an ideal salvation. Eleven years with Noah and you learn there are no ideal solutions—only disasters: "August 8, 1976: Once in a while I project the future: I see Fawcet at seven-and-a-half, Noah at forty, and myself mercifully dead."

I think I have never read a more heartbreakingly true diary entry than that one. I check my own diary entry for that same date. In the morning I saw a Clark Gable/Suspense Tracy movie that someone warned me to rewatch. I had been with my agent, and in the afternoon I picked up the Xmas chapter of the novel I was writing. On the margin of the calendar I had scrawled, "Noah called." Was that the day he told me that directors are people too short to be actors? Or that the movie star has two left feet? I know I did not ask him about Noah. I wonder if I have failed him as a friend by not being even slightly about Noah. And I wonder if soliloquy is the last thing he wants; if his conversations with us and his vast network of friends are the way he keeps his sanity on those days he wishes himself mercifully dead. We are friends, but I think that is a contradiction that neither one of us can ever answer. \*

"March 22, 1978: Encrusted in his pants, encrusted on the bed, encrusted everywhere. Doing all the shit-sliding work our tired flesh has become hairy, we began a series of mutual encrustations . . ."

"March 1, 1979: Why hadn't I taken down the fireproof curtains? Noah has eaten and shaved them away . . ."

"May 18, 1978: I drive Noah to school. I try to talk



"Either you rushin' up to the bar like the rest of the boys or you're out of the gang."

We rarely admit how many filters there are on even the closest friendship. We filter what we tell our friends, we filter what we receive from them.

stiffens into an erection. Noah, who is not autistic, No that is the crux these past six years have saved off. "Autism" is only a word whose "Greek root means with smooth pressure. An Orwellian word—one that connotes rather than encompasses." Not autistic: brain-damaged. A sharp, abiding term "Autism" belongs to parents of retarded and brain-damaged children who, "unable to face the realities and stigmae of the old words, have found an offbeat designation. But to me the original effect of the glamorous term 'autism' is the species hope it provides for a mitigation case."

Instead of species hope, helplessness. And with it the rage that "some days seems all that I have left." Rage at the bureaucracy of autism, psychiatrists claiming that it is an organic biochemical condition, physicians maintaining that it is psychologically oriented, such franchises passing the malady off to the other in order to maintain its "teasing monopoly" with all the nonconcentric largess of government funding. Rage at the frazzled nerves and the palpitations strew at base. Rage at his own desperation: "I despair when I am with him. I want to get away from him, to get him out of my life." Or again: "I wish I were still young and alone, living in a cold-water Greenwich Village apartment, dreaming of becoming a playwright." The days add up implausibly into months, into years.

"August 22, 1971: 'Make arrangements for your kid before he reaches adolescence,' another parent warned, 'because after that nobody wants him. All the nimbler workers give up...'

"March 28, 1978: Encrusted in his pants, encrusted on the bed, encrusted everywhere. Doing all the shit-sliding work our tired flesh has become hairy, we began a series of mutual encrustations . . ."

"March 1, 1979: Why hadn't I taken down the fireproof curtains? Noah has eaten and shaved them away . . ."

"May 18, 1978: I drive Noah to school. I try to talk



# Run

# Bill

# Run

**B**ill Boggs is a busy man. As host of New York's popular television talk show *Mahley Live*, he has, it seems, to be everywhere at once: meeting with TV stars and production crews, preparing interviews, staying on top of the news, giving speeches, accepting awards, talking to the press, making the rounds of parties. A grueling schedule, Bill says, that leaves him little time for family (physical) exercise. "The reality of my job demands discipline," he says. "It forces me to be good to myself." In the picture at far left, he goes in a red jogging suit with navy and white trim by Adidas Lewis Trimm, 816 at Ruiz Park Avenue, all stores; J. W. Robinsons, Calif.; Ballantine's Wiskers, Los Angeles, Calif., and at one pro shop nationwide. At near left, he wears a plaid wool sport jacket trimmed with mink (\$175) and a pair of grey flannel pants (\$55), both from Lazarus by Great & Co. Scotland sweater with Bentley collar by Cross Creek, \$54 at Strawbridge & Clothier, Philadelphia, Pa.; Macy's, Kansas City, Mo., Carson Pirie Scott & Co., Chicago, Ill. Cotton and polyester athletic shirt by Matkowsky, 2, 125 at Warehouse & Hardware, New York, N.Y.; Macy's, Calif.; Standard Field, Chatsworth, Calif. for Best Polyester, \$12.50 at Paul Stuart, New York, N.Y.; William Fox, Washington, D.C.; Holiday Inn, Chicago, Ill. Cashmere scarf by Johnston's of Elgin, \$30 at Bloomingdale's, Saks and Bergdorf Goodman, all stores.

Photographs by Bruce Weber

ESQUIRE, FEBRUARY 1984

**A**t thirty-five, Bill Boggs admits that it's harder for him to keep in shape than it was ten years ago, but he sees the fact that he's on cameras as much of the time to motivate himself. "I'm constantly reminded, so I simply have to look my best. Besides, I feel that my family deserves it at the moment, for having so many people, which is ninety percent of what I do, is directly proportional to my physical well-being."

When he's not running, Boggs spends all the time he can exercising on a fixed arm. At seven eight, he works out in a pair of white shorts with red, navy and green stripes and an elasticized waist, by Jockey (department, \$15 at Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y.; Hudson's, Detroit; Mac's, Bullock's, Los Angeles, Calif.). "In a way," says Boggs, "I'm addicted to physical exercise. Some time ago I passed the point where it was painful. Now it feels better to do it longer and to do it."

When I'm at work, I can actually sense my body anticipating what it's going to do at the gym later on and how good it's going to feel."

In the picture at far right, Bill's body is clearly feeling just fine as he relaxes in a cotton-voile jogging suit and a short-sleeve sweater, both from Polo by Ralph Lauren (department, \$125). Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y.; L. Marcus, San Francisco; Gold's, Northridge, Los Angeles; Wash. D.C.; \$60 for the top, \$68 for the bottom, #6-2 Maguire, 2601 Francisco, Calif. White leather addidas sneakers are kennedy in green, each \$25 at East sportswear goods stores throughout the country. Socks by Footlong (top).

For additional stores calling  
Dept. F, see page 32

68 ENTHUSIASM FEBRUARY

# Sweat

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# CASTRO COMESTIBLES

by George Lang

*Now that they'll finally let you visit Havana, where will you eat, and what, and how well? An exclusive inside report*

Cuban cuisine was once considered the most refined cuisine of



Cuban chef want workup new mask

Spain's, and some of the dishes I tasted on a recent visit to the island reflected that story. The dishes available in restaurants, however, are limited in range. Cuban chefs today use only a tiny percentage of their national repertoire. Still, the Cubans are the only ones in the Caribbean who cook with wine; they rarely use heavy spices to cover up the taste of natural ingredients; their pastry technique is way above that of the rest of Latin America. Thus in a pork and fab country, and virtually everything is cooked with fresh ham.

There is a food shortage even after



Ernest Hemingway lived at La Bodeguita del Medio, try them out for breakfast

eighteen years of the new regime, but no one goes hungry. The fish that's available is mostly often frozen, almost all other foods are seasonal, and there is a ban that from April to October there are no fresh vegetables or salad greens.

Cooks wear white aprons' masks—a leftover of national hygiene policy. Mustaches, beards and long hair are not allowed in the kitchens. All the waiters wear white jackets or green trousers, and the waitresses generally overweight, wear miniskirts with bloomers.

Fried potatoes come with everything. Cocktails made with imported liquor are exorbitantly priced (a manhattan costs about \$8.50), and

dishes, even in the most elegant restaurants, are very casual. There is no tipping of any kind at any time, and there is really none.

On streets, of course, with Hemingway's influence, the few stories written during the past fifteen years about food in Havana always included La Bodeguita del Medio, the restaurant on whose wall Hemingway wrote, "Mis amigos en la Bodeguita, no despierte en la Bodeguita!" ("My amigos at the Bodeguita, my dreams at the Bodeguita"). The bartender made the famous switch for me like this: In a highball glass filled with shaved ice he combined one and a half ounces of white rum, a half cup of soda water, and a half ounce of grapefruit juice and blended together with ice for ten seconds.

La Bodeguita has a ready to prepare one hundred thirty different types of drinks. Many of them are house specialties; all are made with hand-squeezed juice. It probably still belongs to the group of the seven best bars in the world—which was the reason Hemingway first wrote it up.

You may have heard about the fishing village of Caiman, about a twenty-minute drive from Havana, on the bay where Hemingway used to fish and where he met the old fisherman Gregorio. But it is unlikely that you've read about La Teresita, the restaurant where he used to go to drink a glass of good aged Amaro rum on the rocks with a sprig of lime. A single place on the edge of the sea, La Teresita is not on any of the tourist itineraries. Most of the people are from the neighborhood; even Habemus rarely comes here.

My quietly joyful luncheon started with *mazapán de piñones* (almonds



La Teresita, in Pupul fishing village

small chunks of sorvo (snapper) in an angry red sauce, a dish that had all the virtues of real home cooking. Another virtue, with jalapeños (jalapeño), was the heat rum didn't taste in Cuba—smoky with little bits of shrimp, lobster and other fish, plus fresh roasted pinapple thrown in for good measure. Fresh shaved beets were served with oil and vinegar. The luncheon ended with strong coffee in thick-set cups.

Habemus Latin Park contains several places to eat or drink, but La Rama is easily the most beautiful—in fact, it's perhaps the most beautiful restaurant in Cuba and one of the most designed anywhere in the world. A huge piazza that greets you as you arrive, and behind it a structure of concrete beams en-

veloped, its presentation is decorative, and it is pleasantly served. Altagracia a good experience.

The coctail *de piña* (a very prettily done slashed half pineapple with papaya slices, *Pierna de cerdo* consists of sliced roast fresh ham, a larger dish earlier out of place here. The langostino (scorpion, native lobster, is indeed served, as no name indicates, like a beautiful butterfly. Unfortunately, the kitchen now resort frozen, and although they prepare it properly, it's not as good as it would be if the lobsters were fresh; if you're strong of heart, stomach and palate, take *quesadillas* (queso, which is uncultured rum). The Omar brand I tasted at the end of the meal, flavored with a touch of lime, is often served as a remedy for stomach upset. Cuban beer, by the way, is cardboard and made with imported East German hops. At La Rama the waiter elegantly wraps a white napkin around the bottle before he pours the beer into the proper glass.

One arrives at the Empresario Restaurant to be greeted by a leather-faced elderly doorman who, if the reservation is in order, hands twice on the door. Inside one finds a dark and romantic bar and a bright and gold Empire-style dining room lighted by candle and hanging chandeliers draped. If one doesn't look too closely, there is an aura of elegance. The style of cooking here is French-Cuban with some Italian and



The pleasure at Empresario. Let's face it: most beautiful restaurant in Cuba



closes an indoor/outdoor space full of seat and surprises. Japanese landscaping, the remnants of an eighteenth-century sugar mill, some rustic panels of stained glass, dark cobalt furniture, chandeliers, and several unusual serving stands, several feet high, called console refreddo. The one hundred fifty seats could fit into half the area; over the lounge and bar downstairs are luxuriously spacious. While La Rama is hardly a three-star restaurant, the food is



The bar at La Bodeguita del Medio: rum, soda water, lemon and lime

the menu. The paella was the Cuban variety, but I didn't very much if one could eat a better one, even in Valencia. *Torcuato del Valle* ("Son of the sky") was a standard Spanish custard-type dessert, sweet and satisfying. A very good *caldosa* completed this dinner, which, with a round of cocktails, a fine Portuguese white wine and a surprisingly good Russian red, came to \$67 for three people.

I wish I knew how to describe the outdoor part of Restaurant Disk. I can say that it functions as a great leaves' hair cutting into the ocean and overlooking the Castle of La Chorrera on the Alexander River. It has a Japanese garden with steps going up, a Marquesa house that was bought later by stone from Guadalupe, colored lanterns, pinwheels, stone gnomes—all of it a heady mixture of kitchen and magic. You should visit Havana without seeing Restaurant Disk; go after sunset, five pm, preferably with someone like you.

The most spectacular buffet in Cuba is at the Hotel Miramar, and dinner runs from noon to three pm, and seven to



salad and bread. The chef here is twenty-two years old, the sous-chef is twenty-one, and the manager is probably not much older. Their joint enthusiasm for this project is enormous. I was almost ready to stay and help them braise the next batch of rabbit. On a blackboard in the kitchen was posted a list of volunteer workers who were going to the countryside to work in a coffee plantation during their free time (six a.m. to six p.m.) on their day off. When making a reservation here, call Mr. Wenceslao Perez Garsales.

The quality of Cuban ice cream is on a par with that of Italian gelati and ice cream produced in the Philippines. The best place to sample some is Coppola, located in a Havana park. The place is a giant domed pavilion where people stand in three lines, first for a ticket, then to pick up the ice cream and, finally, to find a place to sit down. There is a pervasive odor of creamy butter, sugar and cream. The day I went there were seven flavors, including double, chocolate, vanilla, pistachio, banana, mango and fruit. Six scoops of ice cream are given into a large amber glass, stuck to it and it's called an *ice cream salad*. It's wonderful.

The restaurant Cocktails, as the name indicates, specializes in pink



The budget at the Western Hotel is just right and is Havana's best bargain.

of unsalted sugar at the bottom of the glass. Fruits—even mangos and watermelons—are liberally sprinkled with sugar. It's very difficult to get coffee without sugar except in the Havana hotels. My favorite hotel at the Riviera was a Cuban-style four-tabled ensemble, which is like a mere miniature *bata de azúcar*. The \$50 per person charge here is the best buy in Havana.

Cubans rarely ate rabbit until Castro decided in 1966 that rabbit, which are easy to raise, would be one of the answers to the meat shortage. A restaurant named El Conejito (*The Young Rabbit*) was opened. The visual association with an English tavern is a bit strained, but the high polished ceiling, long fireplaces, twenty-foot ceilings and napkins at eight all point to a pleasant enough place. A year before the opening of the restaurant, a rabbit farm was started to ensure it the supply. Fresh, breakfast sausage (pork casings), pork scallops and yellow rice with pork bits (Congri, a mixture of black beans and rice), is especially good here.

Eat a truly Cuban specialty, vacio frio, in a little restaurant called La Carreta (Ninth Street and K street). This is a slice of beef cut with the grain and fried, with chopped garlic and onion thrown on top before serving. It's a purr-purly meat from an inferior cut of meat, yet it is one of the most delicious beef dishes you



Cocktails: the specialty here is pink

dishes served outdoors under trees, or indoors in a colorful-tricked-out dining room, or on the front porch, facing the street. There is roast suckling pig (a bit larger than the ones we could warrant), churrasco (pork cracklings), pork scallops and yellow rice with pork bits (Congri, a mixture of black beans and rice), is especially good here.

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A classic view outside the Western Hotel.

ten pm at the popular restaurant of the Western Hotel. It's a Cuban-internationalized establishment with a large selection of hot and cold dishes. In addition to the more conventional salads, pastas and casseroles, I had fresh watermelon juice and a cold unterstütted goat dish called *salmorejo* (goat is quite common in Cuba). The little birds were chirpy, slightly gassy birds in this Cuban-Sicilian preparation, was memorable. A round table is the center of the dining room holds about a dozen different kinds of desserts, most of them are excellent, if inexpensive. (Cubans receive five pounds of sugar per month per person as their allowance—several times the U.S. average. They groan that it is not enough. When you ordered tea, they find one and a half to two rashes



## Three Great Cuban Dishes

You can order any of these at the Habana Libre Hotel and at many other Cuban restaurants. Left: Langosta variadado, red chunks of lobster in a peppery version of escabechado sauce, refined with the addition of the lobster's coral and a touch of rum and broiled with peppers, onions, lime and coriander. Center: Costilla criolla a la Canarreana, crisp sautéed pork chops with onions and bananas that have been fried twice like sunfish potatoes. Also visible here: At left, pinchos stuffed with lobster meat; at right, an experimental dish, lobster cooked with essence of coffee. Right: Butterflied, grilled langusta, expertly shaped and seasoned, served with (universally) canned orange juice, which is a big luxury in Cuba. Fresh vegetables are seasonal only.

will ever have, especially if you don't mind a bit of chewing.

Some dishes you will find almost everywhere are frigola (agrus fries), a black bean side dish that is called "sopap" because it is slightly thicker than the usual Cuban black bean dish; menos de porco friado, a traditional pork preparation (although the name evaporates during cooking), the large chunks are neither too dry nor too hard. If well prepared, become friable, segments of sweet potato first boiled, then fried crisp; guava sauce, a rolled dried meat, unusually flavorful; moros y cristianos, black beans (the dark faces of the Moors) and rice (the Christians).

Three hours' drive from Havana is the famous Varadero Beach, a resort with accommodations that, at this point, are deplorable at best. But you can relax and do little here with more pleasure. Whether inside Do Post, who had huge buildings in Cuba, actually created modern Varadero Beach is a moot point. He did build a majestic castle in a modified Moorish style on the highest point

of the peninsula, with an eight-hole golf course, private beach (bare public) and tennis courts, and he built the castle interior with the finest craftsmanship. In 1965, the entire place was turned into a restaurant called La American. Dining tables have been set up in various rooms, with the Do Post family photographs still on the mantelpieces, the Do Post basic still on the shelves. I had filete de solondo encebolla, a Cuban-style sirloin that is simply lemon-marinaded, without any additional flavoring. Poco frito a la crosta is deep-fried chicken sprinkled liberally with chives and fried in lard that has been cut with vinegar. The taste is unusual and it was something I found difficult to stop eating, even though the aged chives were rather tough.

The most interesting place I ever ate at was Varadero Beach was the Pirata's Cave. I have no idea how natives knew this盗贼洞 years ago that it could create the perfect trap for an underground洞窟, but here it is. It's spooky but friendly, populated with huge



Pirata's Cave at the Varadero Beach

And finally, the Bandita Bar on Varadero Beach. Picture a hut, roofed with thatch, directly as the beach. Fishing ships quietly passing by, a big glass of rum punch in front of you. Everybody is miglior. No one cares about your political beliefs, your color, your nationality. You eat some chips and olives; perhaps you are ready to go home at about two in the morning. By that time, someone has taken out a guitar and led the crowd down onto the beach. That is the way to leave Cuba. Get drunk by the sea, on the mefia drinks, on the gaseous sky, on the music, on the sparkle in people's eyes. ■



Playa Las Américas, as a former Do Post vacation, is at Varadero Beach

# Show Her You Love Her

*They say that to give a gift is a reward in itself. Maybe. But if a gift is chosen so carefully that it inspires a favor in return, who's to complain? Not us. Not Saint Valentine.*



• Large, elegant, large return. Give her this treasure, an English candle perfume bottle, perfectly rare! \$100 at Leo Kaplan Antiques, New York, N.Y.



• March a Mile. A floral perfume with roses, silk with ribbon. Stay Foundation. Coming to the Academy Book Fairies, New York, N.Y.; John Riehle, San Francisco, Calif.



• Sweet for one, enchanted another. A wonderful necklace, pearls, pearls, pearls! Hand-woven in diamond enamel and set silver. \$200 at Kress, 65th St., New York, N.Y.

• Shell give you a Ring? If you offer her one in this year's most popular line for Lydia Teague Collection. About \$100. Magna, 51st Street, Suite 1000; Thomas E. Morris, Chicago, Ill.



She won't give you the eye—11-year-old Anna is one of these \$25 at Monteverde, New York, N.Y.; Galleria Magno Fine, Franklin Square, Chappaqua, N.Y.; Liza Lee, Beverly Hills, Calif.

Lover could bloom. Offer her a pretty, handpainted porcelain rose to tie around her neck. \$60 at Kramer Gallery, New York, N.Y.; Quail Creek Whittier & Magnen, San Francisco, Calif.

She'll be enclosed. Accept. Baby shell pillows by Expert Designs, 225-240, 21 Pillerton Rd., Suite 100, Mt. Laurel, N.J.; Crawford House, Dallas, Tex.

Good for sweet nothings. Lucy's Valentine chocolates, 250 pieces, \$10.95, popcorn, \$2.75, Church's, New York, N.Y.; Neiman-Marcus, Dallas, Tex.; Foodmart, J. Lehman, Washington, D.C.

She may let her hair down. Tuck her with Mary McFadden's Precious-fans pins to tuck up her hair. \$12.95 at all J.C. Penney stores, Bellwood, Ill.; Lakewood, Ohio; C.J.L., Denver, Colo.

Photographer  
Keith Frisch

Worth the gaudie glass. Present her an extravagantly long, rainbow-colored silk scarf to tie every which way but loose. \$125 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.; Akira, San Jose, Calif.; Marshall, Matt.

She'll be as good as gold. Glance her with an 18-karat yellow powder compact with a gold chain. \$125 at Bergdorf Goodman, New York, N.Y.



Right image: Gena Burkhardt  
Left image: Vicki L. Lomax  
Both: These evening accessories cost about \$200. Saks Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y.; Neiman Marcus, Dallas, Tex.; My Lady, Birmingham, Ala.; Macys, Dallas, Tex.; Burkes, Miami.



You'll go to her head. Bejeweled and beaded. M. Friedman hair ornament, hammered brass, dipped in 24-karat gold. Pens, \$40-\$70; leaf bangle, \$6. At all Bejewel. Tel Aviv, Israel.



We will always and the artwork. A collection of 100 pieces of intricate art from Japan, recognized by a lady of the court, \$20 at Kanes, New York, N.Y.; Krock and Associates, Chicago, Ill.

If a paper girl her thoughts... slip her this tiny, thin silver bag the size of a matchbook, wrap it with cord, and she'll wear it around her neck. \$10 at Kreisels, New York, N.Y.; The May Company, Cleveland, Ohio.

Lover letters have to start somewhere. Thin French stationery, \$10.95, \$10.95 each. Al Coleman Address Book, New Orleans, La.; Prinz, New York, N.Y.; Galleria, Cold Spring Harbor, N.Y.; Buckley, Washington, D.C.



Her presents will be sailing. Bundle her up in the softest, most comfortable sleeping bag (\$25) or \$60 down jacket (about \$100) in velvet. \$500 per yard. Sean Flannery McCauley, New York, N.Y.



Shell signs, seal and deliver. If you father her with this elegant French tortoise lacquer box, \$125. It's hand-painted and lined by hand from Piferay, Washington, D.C., and Alexandre, Va.

Pink house as her gingerbread. Each 14-karat gold ring sparkles with a heart-shaped white diamond and a cognac-colored stone. \$275 at Belgraves, New York, N.Y.

Photo not copyrighted  
Diane Shulman

# What You Need To Know About Investing That Your Broker Won't Tell You

by Andrew Tobias

*When to short a stock, buy on margin, take advantage of a special offering*

## ANNUAL REPORTS

Annual reports are organized very simply. The good news is contained up front in the president's message and earnings text; the bad news is contained in the footnotes to the financial statements.

You should be aware that for big, widely followed companies, everything of any substance contained in the annual report was known to sophisticated investors months earlier.



## INSIDE INFORMATION

It's much easier (although illegal) to make money in the

This is an excerpt from Andrew Tobias' book *The Only Investment Guide You'll Ever Need*, to be published by Harvard Brant Jovanovich this month.

## HOT TIPS

Here is what to do with hot tips. If you get a hot tip, make a note of it and pretend to be very interested. But don't buy. If the thing takes off, listen a little more closely the next time this fellow has a tip. If it gets canceled, look twice the next time you see him. He will assume that you bought the stock, he will feel guilty, and he will lay you a very nice kiss.

## CHARTS

Charts look as though they should work, but they don't. Everybody uses them anyway, just as everyone consults astrology columns in newspapers. Some people even take them seriously. Much good may it do them. The various precepts, strategies, systems, rules of thumb and general fallacies that chart readers espouse have been rigorously tested.

To quote Burton Malkiel, a former member of the President's Council of Economic Advisors and author of *A Random Walk Down Wall Street*: "The results reveal conclusively that past movements in stock prices cannot be used to forecast future movements [any more than past tips of a coin will help determine the next flip]. The stock market has no memory. The central proposition of charting is absolutely false, and (researchers who follow its precepts [as many enthusiasts do]) will accomplish nothing but increasing substantially the brokerage charges they pay.... No, history does tend to repeat itself in the stock market, but in an infinitely surprising variety of ways that confound any attempts to profit from a knowledge of past price patterns."

Nesttheless, chartists are likely to be right about as often as they are wrong and so constantly find new reasons to believe in their craft. Their bookishness helps.

and, they in no way change a stock's underlying value (or lack thereof).



## STOCK DIVIDENDS

The only difference between a stock dividend and a stock split is that the company hopes prospective buyers will not notice a stock dividend (a very small split) has taken place.

Stock dividends are under no circumstances to be confused with real dividends. Their (dissim) value is relatively psychological, and it is hard to believe that they merit the cost of issuing all those extra little stock certificates and answering the questions of confused shareholders.

Prior to the dividend, one hundred percent of the company is divided among the shareholders. Then, in an attempt to keep those shareholders happy without having to pay them anything, each one is given the percent more shares. Now they have exactly what they had but are now one-hundred percent of the company. It is just divided into smaller pieces.

You pay no tax on a stock dividend, because it adds no value to your holdings. What you hope, however, is that Wall Street will notice that your company has made this great little split and, accordingly, will keep paying what it used to pay for such now slightly less valuable shares.

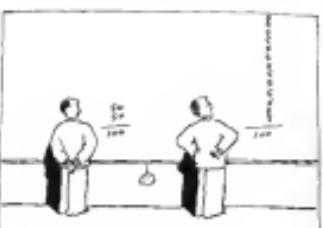
Sometimes it actually works.

## REVERSE INVESTMENT PLANS

These are not the same as stock dividends. Many big companies give their shareholders the choice of receiving their (real) dividends in either cash or stock. Either way, you have to decide the full amount of income. But if you choose to take the dividends in stock, the company buys its own stock for you with your money in the open market or else sells it directly to you from the corporate treasury.

The advantage to you is that you are forced to save money you might otherwise spend—if you consider that an advantage—and you pay no brokerage commission to buy the stock.

The advantage to the company is that this helps keep



## SPLITS

Splits are received great excitement on Wall Street. Before the split you had just two hundred shares of the stock at \$48 each (\$9,600), and now—presto!—you have four hundred shares of the stock at \$24 each (still \$9,600). Nothing has happened; your share of the pie is exactly what it was. They have changed your dollars for twice as many half-dollars or four times as many quarters or ten times as many dimes.

The advantages corporations hope to gain from splits are: to lower the price of the stock so more people can afford to buy it in round lots; to make it look cheaper; to increase the number of shares outstanding and hence the trading volume and liquidity of the stock.

While splits can affect a stock's price, at least tempor-

the stock up (purchased in the open market) and as a means of raising new capital without having to pay underwriting fees and going through lengthy SEC procedures (if sold from the corporate treasury).

Although there is no harm in taking dividends in stock, it makes more sense for substantial investors to take the cash and then decide the optimum place to invest it.

#### SELLING SHORT

When you sell a stock you don't own, you are "selling short." You do this if you think a stock is likely to go down and you wish to profit from its misfortune. To sell a stock short you instruct your broker to (a) "borrow" it from someone who does own it, (b) sell it, and then, eventually, (c) buy it back at a lower price, you hope—so that you can (d) return it, buying it back in called "covering" your short position.

Selling short is not an American, as some people seem to think. Neither is it dramatically more risky than "going long" (buying stock outright). True, a stock you buy can go down only to zero, while a stock you short can go up and up and up forever—but few stocks do.

There are three problems with selling short. First, a relatively small one, is that instead of receiving dividends while you sit with your position, you may actually have to pay dividends. You borrowed the stock from some hapless, faceless person who may not even know it's been lent; then you sold it. Now the company declares a forty-cent-a-share dividend, which the holder of the stock naturally expects to receive. Your broker deducts that amount from your account and pays it to the person who lent you the stock. Silver lining: Any dividends you pay out lower your taxable income.)

Second, by selling short you are in effect telling against the management of a company, which is, doubtless, applying its best efforts to making things turn out all right. They could succeed.

Third, and most serious, is that shorting stocks makes the amateur investor even more nervous than buying them. It is not at all unusual for the small investor to spot a stock that is extremely worth shorting, short it, begin to go crazy as it climbs yet another twenty points, lose his resolve and bail out at the top—only days before the bottom falls out.

If you do want to short a stock, never short it "at the market." When you buy or sell at the market, you are instructing your broker to pay whatever he has to, to accept whatever he has to, to make the trade. He has to send your order out for a panel of coffee without adding, "But don't buy it if it's more than four dollars!" The alternative to "market orders" are "limit orders": "Buy one hundred shares at thirty-eight and a quarter or better," you tell your broker, meaning that \$38.25 is the absolute top you will pay.

It is dangerous to short a stock at the market because there is a rule about short sales: You may only short stock on an "up-tick"; that is, when the price has moved up a notch. If the stock is falling apart that it can be some time before there is an up-tick. You wanted to short it at 29½ but placed a market order; it trades at 29¾, 30½, 30¾, 31½, then a block at 23¾, more at 23½, a big block at 27½, and then, finally, somebody bounces it

up to 27½—an up-tick—and that is when your broker calls to tell you that you shorted the stock.

There is a limit on all short sales. Instruct your broker to sell at some figure—say 29 or better—so that you don't wind up making a trade you wish you hadn't made.



#### SPECIAL OFFERINGS

From time to time you may be called upon by your broker to benefit from a "special offering," also known as a "spot secondary." Special offerings are one of the few times when you should consider selling short. Simply put, the special offering is a way of offloading onto the public stock that none of the big professional money managers wants to touch. This is done not by giving the public a good break on the price of the stock, in the great tradition of the white-elephant sale, but rather by giving the retail buyer a fat incentive to push the stock up: his commission—the great tradition of the hype.

With a special offering there is no prospectus, no advance warning to investors to study the situation carefully—it's a hand-to-eye, dust overnight and into the next day. The stock continues to trade on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange while brokers are trying to unload their special block off the exchange.

When the broker calls to sell you National Hypnotics, that company thought it may be, don't buy—all he will stress that you will incur no brokerage fee if you buy the stock the seller has guaranteed himself to pick up the tab—but short it anyway. If the stock hasn't fallen nearly within a week or two, cover the short and call it a day. You almost every case, the stock does fall. Cover your short and pocket a quick profit!

One reason stocks go down after special offerings is that the people in such a hurry to sell sometimes have a reason. The other is that such a big sale raps up a lot of demand for a stock, leaving a preponderance of potential sellers and a dearth of potential buyers.

#### THE COUNTER

If there is really a counter somewhere, I have never seen it. Over-the-counter is an area of stock too small to be (or just not interested in being) traded on a stock exchange. Instead of an "auction" market for these stocks, where buyers and sellers meet to do business, there are dealers who keep them in inventory. You won't



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FACT reduces the aldehyde\* gases that we believe madden the flavor of fine tobacco so you can enjoy wide-awake taste.

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## Meet Ernest Borgnine, the famous stamp collector.



1982 Bicentennial Traveling Stamp Collection



Surrender of Burgoyne 1777 by Trumbull

US Bicentennial 13cents

Illustration by George S. Chen

Collect U.S. Commemoratives. They're fun. They're history. They're America.

100 EQUINOX FEBRUARY

Everyone knows Ernest Borgnine, the famous actor. But did you know he collects stamps? Off the screen, it's one of his most interesting and rewarding activities.

Stamp collecting can give you that same kind of enjoyment. And U.S. Commemorative stamps are an easy, affordable way to start building your collection.

Through the years, Commemorative stamps have shown the history and people who have helped make America, America. And you can buy them right at your local Post Office. New

Commemoratives are issued every few weeks. (There's even a guidebook called *Stamps & Stories* to tell you how to get started.)

Start collecting now, with the 50th Anniversary Year of Talking Pictures and the Surrender at Saratoga Commemoratives. You'll be building a collection you and your family will treasure for years.

An Ernest Borgnine says, "I hope that someday my children will enjoy stamp collecting as much as I do."

**U.S. Postal Service®**  
GOING TO THE POST

some, we got some, you got some, we'll buy it.

The problem with O.T.C. stocks, particularly if you're not planning to buy and hold for the long haul, is that in addition to brokerage commissions you have the "dealer spread" to contend with. The dealer spread, in percentage terms, is enormous. A stock may be quoted 4% bid, 5% asked. That means you have to pay the dealer \$550 for a hundred shares, plus a commission to your broker; then you can turn around and sell the dealer the

same hundred shares for \$400, minus a commission for the buyer. Although that is about as extreme as the spreads get, it is still very discouraging. In this example the stock has to rise from 4% bid to about 6% bid—a thirty-three-percent gain—just for you to break even.

While you should not rule out O.T.C. stocks—they can represent the best values—you must take these often enormous "transaction costs" fully into account before investing.



### Cocktail Party Financial Quips To Help You Feel Smug

There are two ways to go about buying something to say when cocktail-party talk turns to the stock market. One way is for you to play the market yourself. This can be enormously expensive. The other way is to memorize the following:

1. If you wish to pretend you are heavily into the market, you can say: "I'm letting that the Fed will ease up." This means you think the Federal Reserve Board will ease up on interest rates, allowing them to fall and the stock market, as a consequence, to rise. Either that is the consensus, in which case you will seem so coherent, or else it is a contrary opinion, in which case you will appear to be a shrewd man or woman of independent thought. No matter what the Fed is really doing or how little you know of it or not, that you should have an opinion at all is impressive. If someone tries to put you down, look genuinely uncomfortable—which won't be hard under the circumstances—and just, yet, a bit mysteriously: "Forget me, but I'd rather not discuss it just yet."

2. If you have had the good sense to avoid the market but someone asks you what stocks you're into these days, you can say: "Gee, Bill, I really don't have much of a mind for stocks. I know I must be missing out on some

terrific opportunities, but I'm happier just sticking to municipal." This will be taken as a display of false modesty—it will be assumed you really do have a mind for stocks—and it will indicate that you are a high-bracket taxpayer of considerable means. You will be envied.

3. Or: "I'll tell you the truth, Phil. I used to play the market until I totalled up how much time I was spending on it—you know, the calls from my broker, checking the stock pages, rapping the commodity straddles to save a few tax dollars. I decided I'd rather spend the time with my kids and settle for a safe eight percent in bonds." This is bound to make Phil feel guilty.

4. If someone is waxing philosophical about the market, you can say: "The great mistake made by the public is paying attention to price instead of value." If that makes an eyebrow baton it sounds a bit more formal than you usually sound, you can continue: "The Dow had this back at the turn of the century [which it did], and it's as true now as it was then [which it is]."

5. If someone is boasting about a stock that has really soared, you can say: "Gosh, that's terrible! Sounds like it's time to short some."

6. (Or the killer): "By the way—how'd you do in '74?"



### BETA

Beta is a measure of a stock's volatility. When the market goes up, does this stock tend to go up faster? Or not as fast? When the market is falling, does this stock plunge? Or does it just drift downward? The more speculative the stock (or portfolio), the higher its beta. If it moves twice as wildly as the market, a ten-percent decline in the market produces a twenty-percent decline in the stock—it's beta is 2. If it moves only half as forcefully—a ten-percent market gain produces only a five-percent gain in the stock—then its beta is 0.5. Most stocks move about as the market does, so, give or take a little, most stocks have betas around 1.

It doesn't take rocket science to know that utilities are relatively steady and that hot technology stocks are more speculative. But beta quantifies this. "What's your portfolio's beta?" you can ask show-off friends to put them in their places. On the off chance that they have any idea, you should react this way: If beta is under 1—"Playing it safe this year, eh?" (This is particularly fitting if the market has recently been nosing.) If over 1—"Looking for a good run in the market, are you?"

Beta lies than never:

You beta believe it.

### THE DOW JONES INDUSTRIAL AVERAGE

Against all reason, this highly unequal average of thirty stocks is the most widely followed "market" barometer,\* and probably always will be.

The Dow is a conservative index. When the market goes down, the Dow tends to go down less; when the market goes up, it tends to go up less. Relative to the market as a whole, it has a low beta.

There are many other indices to look at if you are confused, such as the New York Stock Exchange composite index. Possibly the easiest way to compare the progress of smaller, bottom-tier companies with the Dow is to follow the American Exchange (Amex) index.

In 1974 and 1975, the Amex index was almost identical to the Dow, only one-tenth as large. When the Dow was 500, the Amex index was around 45; when the Dow was 501, the Amex index might have been 50 or 52. Why not "split" the Amex index one for two? I once suggested. This would make it easily comparable with the Dow and would draw more attention to the Amex, which the Amex surely needed. The index remains unsplit, but

I continue to add a zero to it and compare it with the Dow. At this writing, the Amex (multiplied by ten) has climbed to around 1120, the Dow is sitting around 861. Amex stocks have been doing better since 1974-55.

### LEVERAGE

Leverage is very boring to write about, because no matter how you attack the subject, you wind up saying what everyone else says, always, without variation, as sure as the carbon in every pack of cigarettes: "...but be careful—leverage works both ways."

Leverage is buying a house for \$50,000—\$10,000 down with a \$40,000 mortgage—and selling it the year after for \$70,000. That's not a forty-percent profit (\$20,000 on top of \$50,000)—it's a two-hundred-percent profit (\$20,000 on the \$10,000 you actually invested). The difference in leverage. You make a profit not only on your own money, but also on all the money you borrowed.

Prudently used, leverage can obviously improve your returns as investment. But be careful—leverage works both ways. If you sell the house for \$40,000, you've lost your entire \$10,000 investment.



### MARGIN

Margin is how brokerage firms make it easy for you to overextend yourself with leverage. It's not unlike the credit card a department store will gladly issue, except it's more profitable for the issuer.

When you buy stock on margin, your broker puts up part of the cash for you, on loan. This way, you can buy more stock than you can afford. On small sums the brokerage house will typically charge you two percent more than the strike price. Since it holds your stock as its collateral as security, the brokerage house takes some risk. If your shares decline in value anywhere near enough to jeopardize the loan, you either ante up more security or else your position is sold out, like it or not, before it can deteriorate any further. (Of course, it is just when others are having their positions sold out from under them at distress prices that you should be on the phone to your broker, buying.)

### MARGIN CALLS

A margin call is what alerts you to the fact that your life is going to hell in a hand basket and that you never

should have gotten into the market when you did, let alone on margin.

Merrill Lynch stock began to move up. My option began to move up with it. God, it was thrilling!

As the stock passed \$6, the strike price, the option was being traded at 1½. This was the frenzied people were paying for the chance that Merrill Lynch would go still higher before April (possibly much higher) and that the option would thus actually be worth something. The price I had paid for this option was ¾. Now it had quadrupled—1½.

I sold one of my options for \$900—almost as much as I had paid for all ten. I did this because I was a chicken. Stock-market volume continued to set records. Why this was happening I had no idea.

I sold two more options at 1½. Another at 2½.

Two more at 3½ (Merrill Lynch stock was now trading around \$22½).

An option at 6¾—\$450 for an option that had cost me \$77.50.

And, finally, the last at 6.

Total investment: \$325. Total elapsed: one month. Profit after commissions (bet before taxes): \$1,387.63.

Options have a certain allure.

Indeed, had I held all ten until shortly before the expiration date, by which time Merrill Lynch stock had climbed all the way to \$35½ a share, I could have turned my \$325 into \$85,000!

One thing you have to bear in mind, however, is that somewhere there is a person who sold me those ten Merrill Lynch Aprils '89's at 6¾.

I won. He lost. Between the two of us, we generated \$869 in brokerage commissions.

Options are what's known as a zero-sum game—for every winner there is an equal and opposite loser—except it's worse than that, because of the brokerage commissions.

Your broker will stress that you are getting to control \$16,000 worth of stock (in the case above) for a commission of merely \$35—the 6¾—plus tax. But the fact remains that if the \$325 you actually invested—your bet—a little over twenty percent—is going to the house. And should you wish to cash in your chips, that's another twenty percent. The commission rate doubles sharply with the size of the trade, but it's never logarithmic, even with the largest trades.

Just remember this: The odds are definitely against you. Anything you do win (and lots of people do) is fully taxed as a short-term capital gains. There are no dividends, lots of commissions. It may be addictive.

### COMMODITIES

It is a fact that eighty percent or more of the people who speculate in commodities get burned. I suspect that you have now read all you need ever read of the following not cheap books: *The Federal Government's Trading Commodity Futures (Berkshire)*; *Getting Rich in Commodities, Futures, or Options—Before or During the Next Depression (Vinton)*; *Southside Speculating in Commodities (Angquist)*; *Point and Figure Commodity Trading Techniques (Benz)*; *Commodity Futures Game: Who Wins? Who Loses? Who Pays? (Twedell)*, and *Make Money in Commodity Spreads! (Kohli)*.

# Looking for Josh Gibson

by William Brashler

*He could hit seventy-five home runs in a season. He was called the greatest hitter in baseball history. He was elected to the Hall of Fame. Probably, you've never heard of him.*

**H**e died in the early morning of January 25, 1947, a depressed, sick and bedeviled man.

It really shouldn't have mattered much. Ballplayers have a way of dying grandly. The coffin is carried out by teammates, a sentimental sportswriter comes in print with such eulogies as "dugout" and "tomblike," and the date of death is duly noted in Macmillan's *Baseball Encyclopedia*, the repository of such ancestral information.

A lot of the great men in baseball evoked miserable death: the Babe, Lou Gehrig, Sherry Lofler, Kenny Hubbs. The difference between Josh Gibson and these others lies in what happened after they were gone. The Babe lives, so to speak; Gibson just plain died. Macmillan's doesn't even list his name.

Last October, I was one of about 85 million people who watched Reggie Jackson hit his three home runs in the final World Series game. I saw the pitcher—infact, saw them four and five times, given all the replays—saw the bashes, the swings, the arc of each drive and the house was trut. It was all verified for history by videotape, complemented by footage of Boeck's in the dugout snapping for a hand-held camera, putting up three fingers in case we hadn't counted, and generally doing all those many things people do after they've used a piece of ash as well. And as I and millions of others watched, the inner mysteries of legend were revealed. What is there left for me to tell my grandchildren? Nothing to pass along, nothing to embellish.

I was also sitting behind the Curtissow dugout one night last September when George Foster, the Reds' grand-dad cleanup hitter, issued one of the longest home runs ever seen in Riverfront Stadium. Foster of the graphic name (as Johnny Bench describes him) hit a high "red aster," which is what Reds fans call the eight homers that have been hit into a series of red seats in the second deck of the outfield. The most likely run with any home run over hit. Only about twenty-five thousand people saw it happen, and chances are that by then their grandchildren hear about it, the story will have Foster's name sacking right

William Brashler's most recent book, *Josh Gibson: A Life in the Negro Leagues*, will be published this spring by Harper & Row.

out of the stadium. Legend often flourishes in proportion to obscurity.

Though the erode of Gibson's fame was, by today's standards, certainly excusing, the legend of Josh Gibson has not flourished. At least not among whites. He was eclipsed by Jackie Robinson, dying as he did just three months before Robinson became the first black in history to wear a major-league uniform. Gibson made his mark playing ball for the obscure and repressed Negro-league teams of the Thirties and Forties, legends that became extinct with the lifting of the color ban. In the meantime Josh lost out, though he was not altogether forgotten. Robinson became a historical figure, Gibson a historical casualty. And with Josh there is a curious void in sports history. Almost nothing has been written about him.

It is sometimes said that as a power hitter, Gibson was every bit Ruth's equal. He hit baseball clean out of major-league stadiums with more might and consistency than resident major leaguers. Ruth weighed 180 officially broke the Babe's season home-run record of sixty long before Roger Maris did it in 1961. (A total of seventy-five homers in a summer season was not uncommon for Gibson.) It is known that every baseball owner in the pre-Jackie Robinson era believed he was the kind of player that franchises were built around, the only problem was his color.

The particulars are that he was a lumbering 218-pound catcher who played Negro-league ball from 1930 to 1945. In his early years he was a gregarious, wide-faced kid who smiled a lot, said little and swung the bat with incredible upper-body power, much like Philadelphia's Greg Luzinski.

His solid years ran from 1938 to 1939, when he played with Gus Greenlee's Pittsburgh Crawfords, the fastest black team of the day and one that dominated the Negro leagues, then barnstormed the country in a sleek Mack touring bus. Many of the Negro-league greats, and ultimately its Hall of Famers, played with the Crawfords: Gibson, Satchel Paige, Oscar Charleston, James "Cool Papa" Bell, Judy Johnson.

It has been said of James Bell, the like outfielder, that he was "so fast he could turn out the lights and jump into bed before the moon went dark." Of Josh Gibson the story goes that he once hit a ball out of



Illustration by John Cleary

sight during a game in Pittsburgh, only to have it reappear and drop into a fielder's glove the next day in Philadelphia. The umpire is said to have yelled, "You're out! You're out! You're out!"

In San Juan, Puerto Rico, where white and black pros played winter ball, a stone monument to Gibson was placed in center field and shiny metal markers hung from tree limbs beyond the outfield fence to indicate where Gibson's homers had disappeared. Once, in that same San Juan ball park, Gibson hit one over the outfield wall and over the wall of a press box behind the stadium, a "double wall" blast of some 325 feet that almost seemed an impossible

Gibson also played eight solid years with the Homestead Grays, the Negro league's most consistently strong team. Alternately he played for the touring teams and winter clubs. His career, like that of most Negro-league stars, consisted of year-round baseball, countless games and stacks of unprinted statistics. Even Gibson himself had no idea how many home runs he had hit, or where he had hit them all, or exactly what his career amounted to.

But if press clippings and word of mouth are any indication, it was an extraordinary career. Sportswriter of Shirley Povich said in 1939 that Josh was even better than the Yankees' famous Bill Dickey. Jimmy Powers of the New York Daily News wrote that Gibson was perhaps the greatest batter baseball had ever known. And Leo, from Washington, Senator pitcher Walter Johnson in 1938: "There is a catcher that any big-league club would like to buy for two hundred thousand dollars. His name is Gibson . . . No one can do anything. He hits the ball a mile. And he catches so easy he might as well be in a rocking chair. Two bad this Gibson is a colored fellow."

In 1947, he died suddenly, at age thirty-five, while still an active player.

In the thirty-one years since his death, the legend of Josh Gibson the slugger has been invoked on every occasion: a man who hit more balls out of mere ball parks against more pitchers and in front of more fans than any man alive. An edition of the Guinness Book of World Records has somehow set his home-run total at eight hundred, and general baseball word of mouth and some unfortunate published accounts have it that Gibson was the only man ever to hit a fair ball out of Yankee Stadium, something he never did. Josh Gibson the individual has been obfuscated in the televe tape. Few sports fans have even the vaguest notion of who he was or what happened to him.

To research my novel, *The Long Long Travelling All-Stars and Meier Keiss*, a fictional account of Negro-league baseball, I spent hours talking with the former players, men in their sixties and seventies, who had composed it that tarnished but glorious era of Jim Crow baseball. I heard more stories about and references to Josh Gibson than to anyone except Satchel Paige. Paige is still around to charm and give about the way he played the game, but Gibson has been gone so

long that insights into his career tend to begin and end with discussions of the distance of specific home runs. Even his former teammates, who told me a lot about Gibson's power, his silence, the feel of his batters, and need to withdraw about the man. "He was a weird guy, a nice guy, a grown-up little boy," they said, but few of them went much farther.

Such reticence, however, revealed much more about Gibson than they knew.

Negro-league ballplayers were blindly devoted to the game. By and large, they were uneducated, generally uneducated men who seldom read books or wrote letters, contemplated their fates or questioned their futures. Gibson left no letters and almost no record of his thoughts or his temperament. His closest friends were ballplayers, for year-round baseball left him an abandoned father and a stranger to his immediate family.

Ballplayers prefer to talk shop rather than personality. They let the game take care of the rest of life. The game always seems to preempt personal problems and frailties. Former Negro-league players, like a lot of other sports fans, aren't comfortable with the way the lives of today's heroes are chronicled. Back then they were content not to know about the Bobbs' affairs and social diseases, and today they remain equally content to ignore bawling tales from Johnny Bench's ex-wife. To his old teammates, my inquiries about Josh's character, his needs, his marriage, were tantamount to asking about his indiscretions or his personal hygiene. In his book *Ball Fear*, Jim Bouton turned Mickey Mantle, the marvelously Gibsonized kid, into a boring, recto-flogging vapour. No sports hero has been safer since. Old friends of Gibson's, knowing the problems he had, especially near the end of his life, feared the worst: that a look at Josh the man would reveal a black who was a waxy, depressed victim of the sport and the times, not the indomitable power hitter who could master any pitcher alive and smile sweetly as he rounded the bases.

I found it perplexing, however, that Gibson, a symbol to so many black fans, was allowed to fade, and so quickly. Bob Ruth left surrounded by prose, Gibson, by anonymity. His death went unquestioned. Nobody asked how houses, drugs, disease and mental illness combined to strike down a man every bit as important to black people as Jack London, Steinbeck or Joe Louis. And at the age of thirty-five.

His survivors weren't left with the answers, or else they have pushed the answers far below the surface. Josh left a son and daughter, twins born in 1939, by his first wife, who died shortly after delivery. They now live in Pittsburgh, as does Josh's younger sister, Mrs. Annie Mackay, a woman in her early sixties. They are simple people who have never made any money from Josh's fame and, since his death, have had to struggle to get by. Josh Jr., after an short amateur career, suffered kidney failure in the late 1960s, and a commercially driven raised money for dialysis until a kidney transplant was performed. Like

Josh, Josh Jr. and Mrs. Mackay are plagued by chronic hypertension.

Mrs. Mackay lives with her husband on Charles Street in Pittsburgh's North Side, the same neighborhood Josh's family came to from Georgia and a section of town which now tells you to stay away from it. It is a desolate black ghetto called Pleasant Valley, full of winding streets that slope toward the Allegheny River. Josh once raced down the hills on roller skates, a passenger of his when he wasn't playing sandlot baseball. Skis still sitter through gangways of leaning frame houses built right up to the sidewalk, and old blankets sit in tilted, overstuffed chairs in front of doors with hand-painted numbers.

Before she tired of receiving visitors, Mrs. Mackay would talk to anyone who made the trip, ushering them into a front living room filled with plastic-covered furniture or into a kitchen where, likely as not, a television and radio play simultaneously. She looks remarkably like her brother, however: dark-skinned, with a round, gleaming face, that face, those features, that black sports fans saw in their newspapers for years.

Her anecdotes generally were of Josh as a kid in Hosna Vista, Georgia, then Pittsburgh. When he became Josh Gibson, superstar, Annie saw little of him and actually knew less about him than his new family of transients did. Annie was a part-time parent to Josh's children who hardly knew that their father and were only visitors when he died.

Thus, the material I *As a young catcher for the Grays, before death at thirty-five* could gather came largely from Josh's former teammates, men such as Cool Papa Bell, Jimmie Crutchfield, Ted Page, Buck Leonard and others, however limited these memories of Josh might be. I heard the stories of the horrific home runs, how the mayor of a small Pennsylvania town stopped the game to measure a 615-foot drive, how an infelder once had to walk off the diamond when Josh's line drive turn his glove off his hand and split the web of skin between his thumb and forefinger, how one of Josh's clothespins driven in Chicago's Comiskey Park struck a loudspeaker perch and the center-field fence 415 feet away and stuck there it like an spike. The man could hit the ball, and these men saw him hit.

The man closest to Josh throughout his career was Sammy Bankhead, a superb infielder for the Cleveland and Grays who later became a minor-league manager. Bankhead never made himself available to baseball historians interested in Gibson. While a city

worker in Pittsburgh, he became a heavy drinker, seldom sober enough to be the partner and unlikely read person he was as a player. Bankhead the drunk was ornery and uncommunicative. But he knew the real Josh Gibson, and he often scoffed at the myths. Before he could refute them, Bankhead was shot in the back of the head one hot July night in 1976 during a brawl in a Pittsburgh hotel kitchen where he worked as a dishwasher. His wife, Helen, Josh Gibson Jr. and a smattering of former teammates survived.

Helen Bankhead, a stoical, patient woman in her mid-twenties who fully understood the passages of her husband's life, also knew Josh. The lives and deaths of both men were part of her existence; she had nothing to suppress, no euphemisms to extend. She was hardly awed by Josh. Like so many other wives of Negro-league players, she knew what went on behind the newspaper front day to day. Twenty years ago she cleaned up after Barney and Josh when they drank beer all night, and she marveled at how they went out and played ball without a trace of a hangover. She knew about Josh's drinking habits and how they worsened with age, about his nervous, high blood pressure, cardiac attacks and the shadowy, destructive presence of a mistress when Josh played in Washington, D.C.

Women like Helen Bankhead are the survivors, the carriers of fact and legend. Their insights, their recitations in the patios of Negro baseball and what it did to their husbands, was an invaluable resource. Once I had the specifics of Josh's problems, from Helen Bankhead and others like her, we were only visitors when he died.

It begins in the 1940s, when Josh was in his early thirties. His hitting eye and his power remained unimpaired and his throwing arm was still the strongest around, but he often became dizzy and disoriented when he went after fast balls. He ballooned to 220 pounds, twenty over his normal weight. His knees ached, due to cartilage and ligaments stretched from years of squatting behind the plate. His fast ball speed, and where he had once been a top fast stud, he no longer took much of a lead and was often replaced by substitute home runners.

Finally the physical lapses became too much for his coaches to ignore. He was benched because of fatigue; he became agitated, nervous, occasionally acting



strangely and speaking uncoherently. Homestead Gray manager Vic Harris once pulled Gibson from the lineup and later discovered Josh sitting in the bullpen drinking beer, a gross violation of team rules. Such erratic behavior prompted Harris to keep Josh out of games, if only to prevent him from hurting himself.

After the 1962 season, doctors told Josh to rest and not play at all. He wouldn't do it. He worried about his performances and played winter ball to regain his old form. The strain brought persistent, numbing headaches. He drank even more to assuage the pain and shook off those who tried to show him down.

In Pittsburgh on New Year's Day, 1963, he lost consciousness and went into a coma. He was rushed to a hospital, where he soon shook the coma and improved enough to be released ten days later. It was generally reported that he had suffered a nervous breakdown, but many people suspected even more serious problems. Josh's sister, Annie, said that Josh had told her doctors had found a brain tumor. They wanted to operate, Annie said, but Josh prohibited them. "He didn't want to end up like a vegetable."

Gibson never mentioned the tumor disease to anyone else, not even Sammy Bankhead, The Gibson family physician, an expert diagnostician, recorded no evidence of a brain tumor but cited exhaustion and a dangerous hypertension condition. The latter, stabilized and aggravated by heavy drinking, forced a chairman of Josh's ultimate collapse.

Complicating matters were Gibson's strength and his exuberant nature, for he was usually able to hide his physical and nervous problems. To his friends he appeared robust and good-natured, and, apart from sporadic outbreaks, the amiable, hearty Josh of old. His game also returned to form, and 1965 found him hitting an incredible .384, belting long home runs, three in one Griffith Stadium game alone.

The headaches and dizziness persisted, however. They gradually drained him of his wide-smile smile and his beaming, radiant expression. He appeared glassy-eyed, silent often, with drooping, lacy eyelids and a look of utter exhaustion. Almost everyone seemed to have aged, gone from a fit, indomitable athlete to his prime to a haggard, drawn half of a man looking forty-five or fifty years old. Even so, his moods could change instantaneously, his laughter resolute, and any hint that he was sick, terminally or otherwise, was discounted. Friends often complained that he was too loud, that he couldn't sit still or keep from singing tunes and many jingles, something that stopped only when the headaches and dizzines came.

The drinking never tapered. First beer, then hard liquor. With it came the outbursts. Josh "knew his wug again," as Sammy Bankhead described it. He carried on like an obnoxious drunk, threatening to kill himself, picking fights or simply making such a commotion that neighbors, bartenders or hotel managers called the police. Sometimes the laughs were malicious, while the Grays were staying in a family-ope-

rated rooming house in Virginia. Josh walked through the hallway to the toilet in the nude, to everyone's embarrassment. He seemed unaware that he was doing anything wrong.

His teammates always thought boozes was the problem. When he didn't drink he was fine. But the frequency of his sips gradually convinced them that Josh was losing his mind.

He began treatment at a Washington mental hospital. His teammates referred to his stay there as "a little looking out." But nothing seemed to help, and Gibson returned groggy, sedated and unresponsive. The Grays, to the management's increased consternation, it was decided that Josh should be permitted to play weekend games in Washington only if accompanied by two hospital attendants. Josh deeply resented this.

Bankhead realized the extent of Josh's problems, and he was one of the few people who could control Josh when he began to drink. Josh was not a violent person, but because of his immense bulk, people who didn't know him were terrified of him. Even his friends didn't take chances. Police called in to calm him down would not go near him. Once when they did and subdued him for a trip to a mental hospital, Josh became so enraged at being strapped inside a straitjacket that with a burst of strength he ripped the jacket off and walked away.

Bankhead was often called in the middle of the night to come and get Josh. Sammy always came, but he didn't take Josh's action as seriously as others did. One night, Sammy was roused from his sleep to find Josh standing stark-naked on the sidewalk of a hotel, his shoes off, and threatening to jump. "Get ahead and jump, then," Sammy said. "See what I care?" The moment passed, Josh calmed down, and the two men talked things out.

Another complication in Gibson's life at this time was his mistress, the woman he met in Washington, D.C. She was tiny and disarmingly attractive, and during the war years she accompanied him everywhere! At the time, Josh was estranged from his second wife. The woman became a curiosity to the wives of other players; not only did she smoke constantly and remain uncommunicative, but occasionally she was seen sitting alone in the stands and shivering, clutching herself and her wing, huddled so that her knees nearly touched her chin.

Her condition was at first passed off as drinker's shakies. But later it was said that the woman was taking drugs of some sort. It was a troubling sign, especially because Josh had such a close relationship with her. On more than one occasion, Sammy Bankhead shook his head and admitted the word—that "what she was taking, Josh was taking."

By this time, however, Bankhead was powerless to do anything about it. He became resigned to the fact that Josh was a country boy, a naive, good-natured kid who had been around but didn't know the trouble he could get into. (Continued on page 127)



"Needs work."

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Winston Lights. Winston Light 100's.

# The Education Of Haymon Jacobs

A short story by Robert Greenfield



*All it took was a basketball,  
a school yard and a little push*

**O**n a Saturday afternoon so bright and shiny with the promise of spring that even the stores were down along Brighton Beach Avenue glimmered faintly, the soft soot of new gasps and warm earth mingled with the hard soot of dog shit that has long laid and frozen on the sidewalk for months. Sheepish peepers pound down the avenue past a quartet of discount emperors and cut-rate banians where haggards cry out to be bought. The sun, slinking through the croissants of the great truth that supports the B.M.T., both local and express, casts bands of ice-dark shade on the pavement. Few have the time to notice.

In the front window of the corner delicatessen in Brighton Beach on Saturday afternoon, the hot dogs burn in greasy contention. Across the street, by the red brick savings bank on the sea, the old women turn in their beach chairs, seeking more warmth and a little luff, a breath of fresh salt-air among the hot fumes.

These old women remember everything. They recognize everyone. Their memories are unbroken. To walk past them, one route is Hirsch's for the paper and a cup of coffee, or, to bear the weight of their impossible scrutiny.

The old women remember Abe Bates. Edi Twiet, the mad Jewish punk who provided the muscle for Murder Inc., getting himself arrested forty-two times in the process. Abe's word mistakes, and his only crime, as far as the old woman can remember, was to make a deal with the Kings County D.A. to tell all he knew. The D.A. gave Abe a room of his own in which to die thus in the then palatial Half-Moon Hotel by the boardwalk in neighbouring Coney Island, with five naps and an assistant D.A. assigned to watch over him day and night.

The next morning they found Abe's crumpled body forty-old feet below an open window, a fall from grace that transformed Abe the mourner into Abe the martyr. Saint Abe, whose blood still sanctifies these sidewalks, basking the old women who sit along them with a symmetry so profound that they trust only one another, and then only occasionally.

But let the sun come out, as it has today, and the women assemble, as though summoned by some trumpet only they can hear, to talk of children who have moved away and the incredible bitterness of being old. Although their teethbeddes are painfully infested, their mienches chalked with tumors so big around as grapefruits (some smaller, some), not so much has really changed in twenty years. In Brighton, the ghost of Abe Bates still whistles around the hard edges of the buildings.

When Liddell Gross passes by, bouncing a basketball on his way to the school yard, the old women whisper of his Jewish mother and his bookmaker father, noting with pleasure the pack of cigarettes jounced into the back pocket of his torn pants. Definitely. Another Abe in the making.

Slowly then, they turn their chairs into the sun,

moving with it, first around the corner and then down the block. The old woman of the tribe. Even during the years spent wandering the desert in search of the promised land, the hot sun felt good as the arthritic old bones have not forgotten.

Three blocks away, their husbands, aging warhorses with calf muscles knotted like gnarled and twisted oaks, chase the hard black rubber basketball. They pull at leather gloves that cover their calloused palms. They spit capiously, and often, as though to affirm that they have indeed made it through another winter alive and well.

At the far end of the school yard the younger men congregate, the sons and nephews, who have come either to sit and watch or to play and argue about the only game that has any meaning at all for them—basketball. On the stone steps that lead up to a set of double doors that are usually always locked, the experts recite, a copy of the *Daily News* folded beneath them to sit on, a copy of the Post open to the line for the evening's games. The odor of their cheap cigars mixes with the smell of sweat as the game goes on, always the game, on and on, an endless round of half-court, seven-basket, three-man contests.

Suddenly, through the side gate of the school yard comes Haymen Jacobs, the largest white man that anyone has ever seen there. He stoops so as not to ram his head into the tree bar that forms the top of the gate; his large spastic hands shoved deep into the pockets of a pair of khaki chino pants that are ripped at the knees and a good four inches too short at the ankle. An expanse of hairy calf flashes above cheap cotton socks. Arms just cut from his sides at odd angles. His head looks as though it was put on with a pipe wrench. The look on his face gives him away, completely. The big man is terrified.

From his position along the fence, Liddell Gross casts a cold eye over the newcomer. "No way," he says in a hard, flat voice. "He can't even touch the rim, I got a dollar says he can't."

"Dot." Butzy Klein says quickly, hungry for some action. "He catches sight of the giant's feet. 'Forget it,' he says disgustedly. 'He ain't even wearin' Converse."

"We're on next, right?" Liddell asks, already knowing the answer. "The gonna take him on. For a goof."

"Rey?" he shouts in the giant's direction. "You wanna play?"

The big man looks around to see who Liddell is talking to. His paws at the ground, blinking furiously. "Sister," he says.

"Great," Liddell says, bounces. "You got it."

Then he turns and squats into the sun, his small ferm face gleaming with delight. "This," he crows as that only those sitting around him can hear, "is gonna be a poster."

On the first court, the team that has been winning all afternoon casually vanquishes another opponent. They are three fifths of the speed that dominates the eight senior year after year, the shoe and white knitted knee in their Converse adhering to the feet, each lace threaded so that it begins atop the bottom

The Education of Haymen Jacobs is excerpted from Robert Greenfield's first novel, *Box-and-Dot*, to be published by Summit Books this spring.



Photographs by Steven Seiden

against rather than below. Their women sweat socks cost a dollar a pair. They are that perfect shade of Cleopatra yellow that comes only from repeated washings with strong bleach.

Everything about them is perfect. Despite that, when Liddell Gross leads the giant and Buttry Klein as roust to oppose them, he does so with an arrogance that is unmistakable, as though eighteen thousand fans have joined the old Madison Square Garden just to see that happen. Liddell begins gauntling Miley De Angelo by thrusting an unchristened hand into his stomach, signifying that he is prepared to play Miley to the hilt. Buttry picks up Totting Falcone, called the Falcon, leaving the big man with no choice but to try to contain Sammy Stein, known to all as the Sponge. Sponge always wears as many different-colored pairs of sweat socks as he can cram into his suitcase sneakers. He can leap like a blazin' man. In the school yard, they like to say that he can take a quarter of the backboard and give you change. It is only on expression Sammy Stein, Sponge, never gives anyone anything, much less correct change.

Day labors bound to the Falcon, who ditholes to the leg, waiting for Sponge to make a move. Playing to the spectator's side, Sponge head-butts toward the foul line, then bursts toward the basket like a fullback making for the goal line. The Falcon hits him with a high, spangin' pass that Sponge catches on his way up. A soft, creamy look takes possession of his face, a half-mad grin that in fifteen years will come to grace police folders and prison files. Everyone on the stage looks forward, anticipating what will happen next.

Sponge is going to jump, smashing the ball downward from above the rim with so much power and authority that Liddell's team will collapse in awe and shock and shak back to the fence grateful to have escaped with their lives.

As Sponge begins to rise, the giant removes himself and tries to get back in the game. From the foul line, he takes one long step and then another, the distance between him and the shooter disappearing as he strides forward, an awkward avalanche looking for a city to engulf. At the very last moment, the giant manages to gain control of himself. He launches his body upward in a little giddy-jay leap that is as much for the graceful elevation Sponge gets when he leaves the ground. Still, it's enough.

Hand and ball come together in midair, one demanding with force, the other rising with velocity. The ball wedges crazily against the backboard and causes straight out into the waiting hands of Liddell Gross, who scoops it up and runs it home for an uncontested lay-up.

Slapping his palms together in celebration, Liddell bounces up and back on the balls of his feet, shouting, "Ahh-wah, big man. Ahh-wah, Ahh-wah." Quizzically, he in-

bounds to Buttry, who goes up for a long jumper from the right side. Buttry follows with another from the opposite corner, falling away. Liddell steps in with a long set shot and quickly they are away, 4-0, the ball bouncing as though it had eyes and a distinct preference for being handled only by them.

Under the basket, another game is going on. Sponge is working over the big man with all the precision of a woodcarver trimming a tree. A shot to the ribs. As above to the smell of the back. A knee to the thigh. Miley Dee pulls at his bannister to play the game, but Sammy Stein is beyond hearing or caring. No one stands the Sponge and forces it to talk about it.



The human trade basket. With Liddell's squad needing but one to win, Buttry runs the Falcon into a pick at the foul line and rolls to the hoop. Sponge is forced to come out and pick him up, leaving the big man free under the basket. Liddell flings the wicker ball, the ball transcribing a series of backward pabbled circles in the sunlight. The big man jumps for it, his body turning sideways in midair.

From out of nowhere, Sponge comes flying down the lane. He sheaves his shoulder in at a point somewhere before the giant's hip, bridging him so that when the big man falls, he comes down as backward, his huge body striking the concrete with the hard, percussive thump! of an airplane's shed hitting home.

The big man lies on the concrete in a pile of bone, elbow bloodied, chest having a ribbon of spit pearls from one corner of his mouth. The whites of his eyes are very large and wild, like those of some three-legged waiting to be destroyed after cracking a furlong in the stretch.

"Fuuu!" Liddell groans. "Outrageous feed!"

"Let him eat it!" The Falcon says sardonically.

"Call me, prof!" Liddell explodes, flinging the ball at Sponge's head. Sponge ducks and the ball shells into Miley Dee, knocking her to the ground.

Falcon and Liddell leap on each other with the relish of old and practiced opponents. They roll on the ground, chopping punches to each other's heads. Their fat and great, their clothes scraping horribly along the concrete. A cavalcade of older men vaults off the steps to pull the two apart. Liddell comes off the ground shouting, blood and spit running from his nose. His shirt is torn in these places. A row of fresh tooth marks shadows his neck.

"It's me!" Liddell howls, daggering his word, trying to push through the corral of spectators to take yet another shot at the Falcon. "Fuuu!" he screams. "If you wanted to gitme a hitkey, you shoulda aimed."

Falcon holds his fist and takes a threatening step toward Liddell. Then he bursts out laughing. "Goddamn Liddell," he says, shaking his head in wonder.

"Goddamn Liddell," Miley Dee echoes. "You crazy, man. You know? C'mon. Play the game."

Liddell grins away from the circle and goes over to

the steps, where the giant has resurrected himself into a half-sitting position.

"Eyy," Liddell says, "you okay?"

The giant nods. His drooping head is bent, his eyes half closed. Like some great sunflower, he is sitting in the warm spring sunshine. He tries to speak but is unable to force the words from his mouth. Grasping the smooth metal handle on his hand, he tries to stand. He sits back down, grasping his feet.

"Our bell," Liddell notes encouragingly. "One to go."

The giant shakes his head. "T-p-puck someone else," he stutters. "Uh-though."

Liddell looks at him for a moment in disbelief. Then he starts the steps for a replacement. When the game begins again, Buttry Klein immediately hits a long, elasticizing jump shot to end it. Liddell's team wins.

"Aaarrgh!" Liddell says out loud to himself. "All problem right!"

Three blocks away, the old woman gives up on the sun, fold their canvas-seats beach chairs and set out for home to begin cooking dinner. Shabbies is almost over. The sun disappears behind grey and puffy clouds with the sun edder and shriller consistency of wind wool. It is not yet spring. Not yet. The day grows cold.

Slowly Haymen Jacobs walks home from the school yard to the small grey houses on a corner of Geogey Avenue where he grew up. In front of his house, which is sided all over with grey shingle shingles and roach with lar paper, there is a tiny rock-gardened garden, where once a pink and blue planter reproduction of the Virgin Mary and baby backdrop is nowrotaking the long, sweeping approach to the Bell Parkway. Nothing grows in the garden now, save the hole left by the missing statue. It gets larger each year, an through mourning the departed statue.

Haymen Jacobs' father, Elkanah, called Sarah in America, no longer works. Having suffered a series of heart attacks in his fifty-sixth year, he has left behind him his job as a night watchman in a friend's loft. Retired, he now sits by the front window of the Virgin he loves from the ground with his own hands ten years ago. Day in, day out, winter and summer, Sarah Jacobs keeps watch. What little money he makes comes in from a thin stream of disability checks and an occasional reparation payment from some European government trying to buy back its citizenship with pennies. Sam Jacobs' only distinction are the *Deals News* and the *Bethy Forward*, which he calls the "Forveez." These he reads daily, cover to cover, turning the pages with a gnashed forefinger that he likes and it glows bright with spills.

Within the confines of the little house, hours are marked by the tickling of the little Big Ben clock as the kitchen and the racks of plates as Sam turns them one by one by the front window. Only when Naomi, the mother, arrives home after a day of sawing hocks and eyes is the foundation-gurumt outlet on Naachd Avenue does the house come alive.

Although it is a skeevy, an on-and-off discussion for a respectable Jewish family to live in a neighborhood filled with gypsies, in a house built by a drunken house painter who stopped on a bathroom only as an afterthought to a memorable blinge that caused him to forget to wait for the cement to settle before climbing on the foundation, Naomi's two sons sit well and wear clean clothes to school. With a husband who does not work, it is an accomplishment!

Still, as a child, Haymen Jacobs learns to hold it in, always, until he gets to school. There, real stinko heat provided by the city cleaner in the potty. There is plenty of toilet paper. It is infinitely preferable to squatting in the freezing little bathrooms of home.

A road from the time he began elementary school, Haymen soon learns that he is special, one among the many. To be tall is one thing. To be taller by a head and a half than anyone else in the entire school is something more, an embarrassment of the first order, like a crippled arm or a cleft palate.

Once school lets out for the day and there are no teachers to protect him, Haymen is the most obvious target. Tumblers were thrown him across the open, empty school yard. They sans his books, his hat, his pants. Like birds of prey packing a scarecrow clean, they sweep in, wreak their havoc and then roar away, leaving destruction in their wake. Books he has spent hours carefully writing with boxes paper cut from shopping bags are jerked free from his grasp to tumble into the gutter. There they are quickly soaked by falling rain and swelling streams of water rushing toward the sewer.

Sam Jacobs is a name to chase Haymen Jacobs home each day. Hawklike, pernicious zero in on him as he runs, fighting to maintain his balance. A beat behind, a step behind, louder even than the alarming sound of his heart pounding in his chest, he can hear them. They are coming. They are closing in. There, just over his shoulder, he can see them. The sound of their pounding footsteps beats a faster rhythm than his own. Their steely possessiveness of what they will do when they catch him ring in his ears. The fear is the worst part. The fear of what they will do when they get him. The fear turns his legs to jello and makes him sick to his stomach. The fear is there, every day.

One day his pursuers go too far, rounding the very corner on which he lives, chasing him to his door. Sam Jacobs, who has seen them coming, is ready. As Haymen comes stumbling up the pathway through the scrubby gardens, mouth hanging open, eyes glazed with tears, face smeared with sweat and spit, his father is already going the other way with a broken handle in his hands.

Haymen watches, fascinated, having never before seen his father like this. The blue veins in Sam Jacobs' skinny arms pulse. Although it is a freezing midwinter day, Sam Jacobs wears only a T-shirt. He

does not feel the cold. His anger burns brightly enough to warm a maniac.

Sam Jacobs' nervous curse as he runs, his eyes are wild, his features contorted with fury. Welding the broken hardware like a bolt, he wedges into the border of children gathered outside his garden gate and shrubs. "Holler Japans! SS bastards! Choo choo!"

Flailing away with the broom, he chases the frightened children down the block and into the gutter, sending them home to tell their own fathers about this madman who comes at them for no good reason. After they are gone, Sam Jacobs stands with his own son.

"Hayman, der hot em greene shikkdrat?" he bellows, has that lip quivering "Why you don't fight back? Is Europe also, they don't fight back. This is how it begins. With children in the streets."

"I was scared," Hayman admits.



"Sorry?" Sam Jacobs says, his narrow chest pulsating. "I ever see that again," he says, wheezing for breath, "you'll have this waiting for you." Looking up in disgust at his son, who is already a head taller than he is, Sam slaps Hayman across the face with so much force that the boy is in too stunned even to cry. "You'll have that waiting for you?" Sam Jacobs screams. "You understand?"

Hayman comes to understand that he is caught between two opposing arenas. There is no telling which is worse, those with whom he must go to class each day pretending that nothing at all happened to him the day before or the terror of a father who swallows bites at home, ready to snap his son's wrists if he does not fight back.

He soon learns to hide his real emotions, leading his tormentors away from the house when they chase him, running them until they are out of breath and burst with their gasps. Only then does he walk home slowly so that his father will think he has solved his problems on his own. Never does he let anyone see what he is really feeling. Not anyone.

Today, Hayman finds his father sitting by the window as always. The long-drawn smell of old soap, furniture polish, stuffed cabbage and the shirt his father wears on wearing for six days at a time hangs heavy in the house. Sam Jacobs grunts when the door closes, acknowledging the arrival of his son. He removes from the bridle of his horse the wire-rim spectacles the union bought him years ago.

"No," he says, "you're home."

Hayman grants in response.

"Where you were today?"

"Brighton."

"So far?" the old man says, annoyed that he has to twist his chicken-scratching neck backward in order to look up at his son. The boy is just too big. "How come?"

"To play ball," Hayman says.

"Oh? You've a hellbender now, too?"

Hayman says nothing, unwilling to give his father

satisfaction. The old man trembles again. "They play ball in Brighton on shabbos?" he says.

So far as Hayman knows, his father has never kept the commandments of the Hebrew religion, going so far as to eat three full meals on Yom Kippur because fasting might hurt his heart. He says he lost faith in the camp.

"Why not?" Hayman says.

"Why not?" has father school. "In America they do everything." Already he has lost interest in the subject.

"I was wondering," he says. "You think you could get me a *News*? By the time I get to the candy store this morning, the Italiano bantard was all sold out. He knows I take one every day... you think he would offer to keep one for me?" Never?

Hayman wants to ask his father why he never orders one kept for him, but he remains silent. It is the only way to deal with the old man. Wait him out. Make him come to the point.

"You think you could go to Brighton for me?" Sam asks.

"Brighton?" Hayman says. "I just come that way. It's back in Brighton."

"This time on a Saturday afternoon, you won't find me anywhere else."

"Wait till tonight," Hayman advises. "The Sunday News?" he asks.

"I know when the Sunday *News* comes out, around..." Sam Jacobs shrugs, the cords in his neck tightening until it seems certain they will explode, the blood pulsing his face. "What I'm asking is that you walk over to Brighton's now and buy me today's. If you're so tired from a day's ball playing, never mind. I asked. Never mind. I'll wait for your brother to come home. I waited before you were born, I waited by Hitler, I can wait now."

"Okay," Hayman says. "I'll go."

What is so important that his father must read the paper every day, Hayman can never figure out. It's not as though he's interested in anything, like sports or what's playing at the movies. Still, there is no winning an argument with him. Not ever. He is an old, stubborn man, more like a grandfather than a father, really. He wants the *presser* paper, Hayman will sleep all the way back to Brighton and get it for him, a nickel clutched tightly in his palm, his steps hurried by the knowledge that if he comes back in darkness, the gypsies will be lurking in every shadowy recess and doorway, waiting for him.

At himself, Hayman grabs a *News* from the pile by the door, throws his ticket on the red rubber change mat on the front counter and turns to leave, anxious to be away from all the temptation. "Hey!" someone shouts out. "Big guy! Over here!"

Hayman peers down the length of the candy store and sees the little guy who picked him in the school yard sitting comfortably in a back booth. Unaccustomed to being recognized anywhere by anyone, Hayman stands frozen for a moment, not knowing whether

to wave and laugh or to go over and sit down, or what. "C'mon back," Liddell commands, motioning toward the table. Trying to keep his eyes off the racks of magazines as white half-naked women are getting undressed, Hayman studies the length of the store shoping.

"Sisdeus," Liddell says. "I thought it was you. You don't come here regular, do ya?" Swallowing some of the food crammed in his mouth, he says, "I know you don't got *Yankee* this year. I woulda remembered."

"I came to get a paper for my father," Hayman says, trying not to stare at the food.

"Checkin' on his stocks, huh?" Liddell says.

Hayman nods, disturbed. "Hey," Liddell says, saying what he is looking at, "you hungry? Gewiss Go-sein. I'll fed up."

Hayman looks at him to make sure it is all right. Then he sits down, picks up half a sandwich and begins to eat.

"So where did you say you live?" Liddell asks.

"Cressey Avenue," Hayman admits, around a mouthful of creamy shrimp salad.

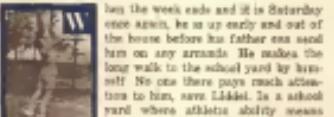
"Jacobs land, huh?" Liddell says. "They got a night center there?" Hayman shakes his head. "You play C.Y.O., industrial league—anything?" Hayman shakes his head.

"Jesus," Liddell says. "You orfahs. Ain't too many gone over stuffed the *Spenger*. You orfahs come down on Saturday. That's when we play."

Hayman nods, the food so rich and delicious in his mouth that he wants to close his eyes and go on eating forever, than take home some of the magazines on the racks and lock himself in the bathroom.

"Come down," Liddell urges. "Now that you know where it is. Getta hart to play some *Cyan*?"

Hayman does not answer.



he week ends and it is Saturday once again, he is up early and out of the house before his father can send him on any errands. He makes the long walk to the school yard by himself. No one there plays much attention to him, save Liddell. Is a school yard where athletic ability means everything, Hayman is beneath contempt. Although he is towers over everyone, he can be pushed around by the smallest opponent. He is always the last man picked in any game, a distinct liability to whatever team is saddled with him. Still, it pleases him to have somewhere to go. After the games are over, he walks home by himself, taking care to stop off at Hitler's to lay a paper for his father. Sometimes Liddell will walk with him for a fair and sit there both end on the back porch. It becomes a routine, Saturday, Hayman Jacobs goes to the school yard. It is better than being at home.

One Saturday at the end of June, with Junior High school just about to end, Hayman and Liddell sit at the back table, a pair of froth-faced mated glasses empty before them. A magazine Liddell has pulled off the rack lies open on the table. Liddell pokes Hayman in the

shoulder with his fist, that being his way of getting complete attention before making any statement he deems important.

"Gone not for the team next year?" Liddell asks.

"The night-center team?" Hayman says. "Nah. They didn't get *Spenger*. He turns his attention toward the magazine. On page 37, a girl named Dolores seems to be taking a shower.

"Not the night center, schwack," Liddell says impatiently. "The team Miller."

"Me?" Hayman says, trying to get a better look at Dolores.

"No," Liddell says, a disgusted expression curling his lips. "Her." He picks a *big* at Dolores' censored brown stomach and flips the magazine shut. "Your mother. Yeah, you. You even thinkin' about it?"

"Am I not?" Hayman says, using the current school slang for "no."

"To gonna be JV manager," Liddell says. "It's said away gamen, except the whole schmeer. You orfahs think about it."

"Manager?"

"Player," Jacobs.

"You think I got a chance?" Hayman asks. The notion that he, Hayman Jacobs, could actually wear a Miller High School jacket is a prospect he has never before considered.

"What do I know?" Liddell says. "I look like the coach to you! You're big. You play all summer—shit, you ain't even fall-grown yet—you play all summer, who knows?"

"I done know."

"You work on dribbles' and shootin'," Liddell says. "It could happen. Tell ya what. When I come home from camp in August, we'll go one on one. You ain't any better, I tell you straight-out and that's it. Whatya got to lose?"

"Nothing," Hayman says. "Only how am I gonna practice by myself? I ain't got a ball."

"You need a ball?" Liddell says, slanting his hand against the cover of the magazine, on which Dolores is proudly showing her natural assets. "There's ways to get a ball. If you got balls."

One week later, Liddell presents Hayman with a brand-new oaktree ball, which comes with a pin for easy inflation. Along with it comes a pair of Coors, size eleven, sneakers. These days earlier, both names vanished mysteriously from the large sporting-goods store on Franklin Avenue where Biffy Klein has gone to work for the summer.

That day, Biffy distinguished himself by snaring the arm of a very young and frightened Black girl who had just pocketed two pairs of sixty-eins-cont crew socks. Despite her squirming, tearful plea, Biffy held on until every security cop at the store, as well as the manager, came running.

In the ensuing confusion, no one could blame the disappearance of a ball and a pair of sneakers on anyone, much less says-ugly-eyed Biffy or his good friend Liddell, who just happened to be hovering in the store at the time. It is with an air of foreboding that Hayman Jacobs' basketball career officially begins.

In summer, the school yard is open and empty, a great desert of scorching and shimmering concrete left for those mad enough to attempt to cross it. Only Hayman dares. Each day he lays his towel down by the steps and forces his feet into his stiff-new sneakers. Then he begins to shoot. The jump shots from a foot out on the right side of the basket. The from a foot out on the left side. The from two feet out on either side. The from three feet out, working his way back until he is shooting from the absolute corners, where the end lines meet to form a right angle.

As he shoots, the heat builds. The red brick walls of the old public school house it back at him in undulating waves, so that the handball courts seem to tremble where they stand. Broken bits of glass and scraps of metal embedded in the concrete break the light into glittering shards that pass Hayman's eyes every time he turns his head too quickly.

For half an hour, the sweat begins to run in earnest, coursing down his face in twisting streams and streaks. Sweat traces the outlines of the bones of his forehead and jaw, dripping from his chin and sliding into a saline pool at the base of his neck, where a pulse he never before knew existed thrums with a rhythm of its own. His heart beats counterpoint, a deeper lub-dub, bumping ribs and sternum. Salt tastes his lips. His breath comes to him hot, desperate gasps, singing like a gritty desert wind. After a while there is nothing but ball and hoop. The hoop is dead and the ball has a life of its own. Spinning in circles as it comes up off the concrete, it must be caused in order to enter the basket in the proper manner.

The only noise is the steady thump of ball against concrete, the brrring of the hoop when a shot hits home, the sound of Hayman's sneakers as he drags his foot across another key-

Repetition is the key. Everything must be done over and over so that it becomes automatic. By now it is close to a hundred degrees in the yard. Hayman permits himself to sit for a moment in the shade of the building, sweat spilling of him like drops of oil, doting the sun-bleached concrete around him. When he stands again, his legs feel as though they have been powdered with a rubber mallet. He then shoots fifty more shots, to sharpen his concentration.

By six-thirty the sun has lost most of its firepower. Heat pours off buildings that have been soaking up sunlight all day long. These few who have also been left behind in the city struggle in and take up places on the steps to watch those who have enough energy left.

With the sun fading behind the houses and the streetlights just coming on, Hayman tries to do the things he has practiced during the day. Shots that fall cleanly for him when he was alone more often than not bounce away wildly in real games. He finds that he is easily spooked, upset by the shouts of both teams

mates and opponents. His body is a cumbersome burden, holding him back. He must struggle for every point.

Night after night, players who do not practice one tenth as much as he does fly over and around Hayman. Like great horned players taking their cues from the rustic stuff, they improve, fading and double-pumping in ways they have never planned, letting the flow of the game lead them to the basket with an instinct and intuition Hayman knows he will never have. Hayman keeps on practicing.

The soles of Hayman's sneakers are mute testimony to the wear and tear he is inflicting on himself. Properly养 for, a pair of Converse will last for nearly a year. After a month, Hayman's are no longer white. Rather, they have turned a pernicious sweat-assisted yellow. Beneath the sole of his left foot, where he pivots, a hole the size of a dime has been worn through three layers of rubber. In order to protect his socks, Hayman must insert a piece of cardboard inside his sneakers before he plays.

By the end of August, the breeze blowing through the school yard at night has lost its fire. The names are now firmly inscribed, the stage crowded. People have begun returning to the city. Liddell reappears looking a good ten pounds heavier, tanned, nearly healthy. The first thing he says to Hayman is, "Gonna what I got this summer, buddy?"

"Par mirecied," Hayman says.

"You are. Guess again."

"Describes."

"Punny guy," Liddell says. "Are you wrong? Cherry-e-ed?"

"What?"

"Nasty," Liddell clarifies. "A peach."

"Talk English," Hayman says.

"Lead. I got laid, you don't speak?"

Hayman's eyes widen. "No shit," he says. "You wanna play one on one right now?"

Liddell rolls his eyes and grabs his crotch. "I get fucked!" he bellows, lunging off the steps and careening onto the first court, where there is a game in progress. Bounding up and down like some maddest Easter bunny, he yells across the court rallying, "I... GOT... FUCKED!"

"You're gonna get fucked good, you don't get off this court," Mike Dutsholders.

"Up yours," Liddell says, laughing derisively, giving him the finger. "You wouldn't know what to do with it if it hit you, marshal! A hot frappe!"

The next night Hayman and Liddell play one on one. Hayman heating the little man three in a row, accepting in the final game punch to the gut that would have laid him low two months earlier, then going to lay up the winning basket.

"Awwwww," Liddell says when it's over.

"Yeah," Hayman says.

"Yeah," Liddell says flatly. "Couch don't take you on, he needs glasses, I guarantee it." He slams his fist onto his palm, then lets it out like a black max for Hayman to stop. "We," he says modestly, "have got it made."



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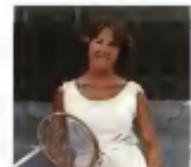
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Pietro's, 391 East Forty-fifth Street, an old Steak Row independent, is of a plump, bucolic nature that remains unaffected by the current "Steak Row" frenzy. Its restaurant rooms are merely plain and朴素, corner or divided reliefs after a rather sedate setup entrance. The message clearly lies not in the fixtures but in the food—delectably good Steak Row Italian.

From the time you walk in the door on the second floor you will be diverted to the downstairs dining room beyond or banished to the third floor and an even smaller but somewhat less tightly packed room. The more popular second floor has the atmosphere, if that's what you'd call it, of a bistro.

A word of caution: Pietro's is an old-fashioned place that does not believe in plaster. His unseasoned prices are for the extremely solvent (at their expense) with healthy chinking amounts, helping website or house credit. Only the most fortunate of diners will be able to eat and never feel will keep the tab in the range of the rest of Steak Row. However, the prices will come as no surprise, since menus are provided.

Pietro, incidentally, follows the standard \$12.50-plus-a-head rule for the mainstay, along with a trio of juicy double-cut lamb chops for \$14.75. There are properly seared and accurately cooked. But stay away from the salisbury club steak served at lunch. (Then again, who do you expect for a mere \$10.00 for filet mignon?)

Pietro's restaurant may be ordered ten different ways. Sait's Bistro (sic) is a combination of vapour and steam, and propane roasting with wine (\$10.25). Charcoal dishes follow along the lines of the rest, with perhaps the best being the filet mignon. Horseshoe-shaped, a boneless breast with prosciutto and mozzarella, is one appealing variation (\$9.25).

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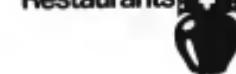
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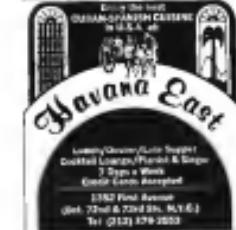
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used to say that every time he opened the refrigerator and the light went on, he'd do twenty sit-ups. At this point, he hadn't made a picture in a few years, on television he did guest spots, and otherwise he hoisted his act wherever he could, and prepared for the yearly television. He was excited at the moment by the prospect of a Broadway musical he was rehearsing, an updated version of *Bellezza*. Within a few months it was to close out of town in Williamsburg and never be seen again. "When the gods wish to destroy," somebody said once, "they first make great in show business."

Jerry gave an elaborate introduction for Sinatra, and then the two began a quick, long-range interview and told the audience that, when asked to Jerry, he had brought a friend along to help him. He pointed off left and the entire gallery over to see Dean Martin, walk out from behind the set. Only someone who grew up in the late Forties and early Fifties could appreciate the sentimental value of what happened then.

Martin and Lewis had been a sensational team, first in nightclubs and then on live television; they had combined strong personality with the unpredictable anarchic of the Marx Brothers and had come up with something potent. If their names never did them justice, it is probably because the nature of the marketing in those days (readily different today) left no room for the witty, impressionable quality of their stage act. Anything could happen. In due time they would walk onto the audience and eat cameras' hearts, play cards, drink from the audience, slice each other's physiques and especially right with an shadow that bordered on, *holy*. Dean Martin told me that people quite literally wet their pants.

I saw them once at the old Paramount on Times Square, and even for that adolescent-infested audience their performance had a dynamic energy and a wavy circus enthusiasm that was infectious. The first time they played the Paramount, in 1942, the theater found that the same audience stayed for performance after performance, sitting repeatedly through a rotten movie just to wait for the stage show again. To get them out for the next crowd, the boys had to promise to do a new show for the people from their dress rehearsal. It escape on Forty-second Street. That got them out. It also jammed the streets of Broadway and caused a happy riot in Times Square.

Pictures, records, radio, television, nightclubs—the two seemed to be everywhere. When they were their

separate ways in 1956, Martin at first baulked and then found his feelings as an affecting actor in *Howard Hawks' Mr. Smith and later as his own best comedian on a weekly television series. Lewis had another ten years of steady success as a single in pictures but not on television—the only exception being the first time he guest hosted *The Tonight Show* (Jack Paar took as many reservations as Jerry Carson) and the established format to pass. The disruption of order has always been his most effective comedy weapon.*

And now Sinatra, having called Martin into casting as unassisted, had Lewis over down on him to create a moment of instant television: Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis

The sharpest bottom will tell you there is only one fellow who really brings the high rollers to town if there is any emperor in Las Vegas,  
It is Frank Sinatra.

embarrassing. Eva across the country. About ten years before, Hughes had asked me to help stage a feature of exactly that bug as a cover for their Christmas issue, the head was ~~RIGHT~~ ~~EXTRA~~ Jerry was willing but Dean wasn't.

"I thought it was about time," Sinatra shouted over the tumult of the studio audience. Without prompting they had risen to their feet and stood applauding for several long minutes. Jerry bowed his head in thanks, and the audience clapped. The camera. Martin closed his eyes warmly in his arms, just past a trifle reluctantly. He was the one, after all, making the charitable gesture—for the M.D.A. drive. Then came out of the embrace and looked at each other. Sinatra stood between them, beaming. The cameras went to various angles of the two. Dean looked a little embarrassed as the ovation continued, slightly ill at ease. Jerry was savagely chewing his lower lip. To Sinatra, from the side of his mouth, he could be seen (though not heard over the noise) saying, "You son of a bitch."

Sinatra laughed and got back of them a microphone. The applause continued in expectation. Jerry still chewing his lip, his odd acting, it seemed to me, in an attempt to cover up with a good opening line. As the applause finally died down, he looked at Martin sheepishly, raised his voice to a fainter squeaky adolescent pitch to always end around Dean and said, "You working?"

big laugh and a hand. Suddenly, saying almost possible—the past really could be regenerated, perhaps there was even a Santa Claus somewhere of Martin and Lewis, like the two old ones in *The Silverton Boys*, could turn up again and enjoy a splendid last hurrah.

But when Martin spoke, the mood began to evaporate. He answered Jerry with an overly dry, slightly defensive line about doing his two shows every so often at the MGM Grand in his Vegas style, he called it the *Stonk*, which only baited the audience and looked under his eyebrows. And then the real Jerry tried on a croak, also attempting to master the voice that they'd known at. He got another laugh. If Jerry looked almost like the prisoner who had awakened after a long sleep, Martin was perhaps beginning to feel he was back in a nightmare he'd stopped having. He was a straight man again.

Not that he'd ever been that, really, but it is what the media and the southerners had proclaimed all through the partnership: Jerry was the talented and funny one. Dean was just a face stage and a reasonably attractive fell. Except, perhaps, in their worst movies, this simplification had never been the case, since Martin's any timing and roulette-like wit were apparent long before his solo appearances made it obvious to everyone. But the old ad dress wouldn't fit, and suddenly Martin seemed to want out of the situation into which Jerry had suddenly thrust him. His arms Sinatravians have sensed it, because he stepped forward quickly and sent Jerry over with exaggerated snappishness so that he and Dean could sing Jerry couldn't have wanted to get off—that moment had less to do with Jerry—just he played what he felt for laughs, walking away in half-fociced dejection to another corner from the crowd:

"Well, there he goes again!"

But the scene wasn't over, Sinatra and Martin now began a duet during which Dean started breaking up the routine in much the same way Jerry used to do when he and Dean were working. He broke up the lyrics, walked purposefully out of cameras range, made driftily ankles to the orchestra. It was live, so no bleeds, pretended to trip, all the while glancing over to see if Jerry was watching. He was. Wearing a shiny pair of semi-fancy glasses, he looked on with a wistful, if strangely analytic, expression. He knew what he was doing, and, apparently, he seemed to admire it. Martin was funny, ear could say, with a vengeance. Sinatra kept breaking up, the audience

roared, and all the while Jerry looked on quietly. But Martin's message was clear: if there was ever going to be any comedy here in his life again, Dean would get all the laughs. Those hours of silence, though, kept Jerry Jerry's joyous fire foremost. He must have spoken of pride and victory. It was an extraordinarily ambiguous happening and one of those innumerable save times when television isn't caused, predictable or safe.

Whatever Sinatra may have been feeling was associated with a kind of reconnection, even paternal, association. With an attempt to keep his played straight for Martin and had a good time. Did he remember that previously when Dean and Jerry were on their firstiddy waves of popularity, between 1948 and 1952, he had been at his lowest ebb? His records had stopped selling—the swooning baby-savers of the war years were getting retired and the new ones didn't catch on. Didn't mark them in memory. He planned his way in obscurity and, finally, a threat hemorrhage had ended off his transcribed voice. He was rescued out *The Sinatra cruise*—and it was a turnaround we were to see repeated for Fredie and then for the Beatles, but Sinatra's was the first of his kind and the most fervent—was over.

Of course, what was thought in the end was only the beginning. With carry foresight, he campaigned for and succeeded in winning a most sympathetic role in a big new movie based on a huge best seller by James Jones called *From Here to Eternity*. Agreeing to play the Kojak part for eighteen (a thousand-dollar a week for eight weeks), he was nominated for an Oscar and won—the last time a lot of people were truly excited about a movie, since almost everybody could agree at the start of a failed comeback.

Gradually, there were two or three Sinatra movies every year, and his era and remarkable studio LPs for Capitol were to become the most commercial and popular alternative to rock and roll throughout the Fifties and early Sixties, they are still available and continue to sell. And during this period, Martin, having gone solo, became one of the mainstays of Sinatra's Rat Pack of friends. Their informal slogan seeming to echo the late founder Howie's *Boys' Club* maxim: "The whole world is there, drunk behind and it's time it caught up."

Then, in 1971, Sinatra retired. No one quite knew why—he was only fifty-five. Perhaps he had discovered that you can have everything you ever wanted, even your own record company, and still not be happy. Or

the other hand, maybe he was just trying to attract attention while he took a few years off, his last movie had not been very successful and his recordings for Reprise, though often excellent, could not compete with the clarity of the Capitol catalog. Perhaps he also remembered that exits and entrances are always the most rewarding parts of any performance.

He saw Jerry's career was getting better and Martin had settled into a lucrative rut of television variety and an unenduring pattern or two a year. Sinatra himself seemed to have lost what little interest he ever had in pictures, which is not to say he hasn't given some exceptionally memorable and resonant performances.

Sinatra had created a moment of imagined television: Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis embarking, live across the country ... "I thought it was about time," Sinatra shouted.

But then it is about his singing that he has always appeared to be most unique—a person and on record. *Sinatra & Cooper*, his last album before retirement, speaks eloquently of this. One side features a group of challenging and beautiful rendered John Lennon songs, and on the other are several new popular tunes in touching and evocative performances as anything he has ever recorded. One selection in particular—an unexpected homage to Billie Holiday called *Lady Day*—comes as close as a popular song can to a Puccini aria of effusive dramatic emotional power. Obviously, he cared about this music. But, like Holiday, Sinatra could hold off than a formal, stately singing or a recitation, doing each in one or two takes. But the *Billie Holiday* on several different sides, merits apart, with those different arrangements, before he was satisfied. Thus in an asterisk this to this one title on the album, and down below it is explained by the line, "Predicted by Frank Sinatra," a credit he has rarely, if ever, taken.

Whether consciously or not (the song is placed as the last cut on side two), it is his musical farewell! He prepares one for it with the previous song, a tough, jazzy version of *Leaving on a Jet Plane* that concludes with a melancholy ad-lib conclusion: "You know when I'm back again—oh, baby, I sure go to you."

Then, at the close of *Lady Day*, with the entire orchestra playing the

melody belted him so that his voice seems to be riding a series of tides—was and soaring ocean waves, the man who more than anyone first turned the long-playing record into a major art form.

And then the closing notes, And then she sings? Yes? And it's too late is gone—good-bye—

Well, as it turned out, three years later he was back. There was a big ballyhoo about it, of course: *Old Blue Eyes Is Back* was the title of the TV special—and new nickname no one had ever called him—and it flopped. Performing before a group of Hollywood names in a closed studio, Sinatra seemed ill at ease and out of shape but several months later, he came back with the proper panache. Live over national television (the music medium in which he was to stage this iteration of the two other most popular entertainers of his generation), Sinatra appeared in a taping ring at Madison Square Garden, and before twenty thousand delirious fans he reopened another chapter: *Back to You*.

I know I said that I was terrible, But I just couldn't say goodbye. It was only self-delusion Let me be a star!

Who could deny him? From *A Star Is Born* to *Autumn in New York* and *Patent Pending*, his last album before retirement, speaks eloquently of this. One side features a group of challenging and beautiful rendered John Lennon songs, and on the other are several new popular tunes in touching and evocative performances as anything he has ever recorded. One selection in particular—an unexpected homage to Billie Holiday called *Lady Day*—comes as close as a popular song can to a Puccini aria of effusive dramatic emotional power. Obviously, he cared about this music. But, like Holiday, Sinatra could hold off than a formal, stately singing or a recitation, doing each in one or two takes. But the *Billie Holiday* on several different sides, merits apart, with those different arrangements, before he was satisfied. Thus in an asterisk this to this one title on the album, and down below it is explained by the line, "Predicted by Frank Sinatra," a credit he has rarely, if ever, taken.

The final note, after *Leaving on a Jet Plane*, at the Royal Albert Hall, I saw the thousand Londoners shout their approval when he joked, "May you be happy and wealthy and may your children prosper, and may the last voice you hear be—me!" Not such a bad way to go, who you think about it. The folks in the *Crossroads* that night would have agreed, on lonely they reacted with equal enthusiasm when he altered the lyrics of Bruce Johnston's popular song into his own Wildly immediate but nonetheless accurate summation of what he meant in four generations of loves:

Using the song That made a hole in my heart ... I was there, and I was the song. ♦

## Conflict of Interest: A Growing Problem for Couples

(Continued from page 49) taken, including Roberts' own history as an editor who hadn't informed the *Advertiser's* editor.

Even A.M. Rosenthal, the managing editor of The New York Times and the one who successfully fired Louis for his part in Philadelphia, says he may "sigh palpitated" that the *Advertiser* would continue her fears so publicly.

The purpose of the meeting was to withdraw the editors of the *Advertiser*. That was the whole thing," Rosenthal says. "It was no machination, no cabal. That was us and nothing more and just an exercise."

The *Advertiser* people, which explained the meeting, say they accepted the editor's resignation in the early Fall and never discussed him as a "South Philadelphia liability" with a "muttering exterminator like life."

"He is at the apex of every issue in politics in South Philadelphia," the paper quoted one former editor as saying. "He gives the image of the greatest man who ever came down the pike. He comes from a snake world where it's how many snakes you've eaten with that counts."

If the same scattered elsewhere, the *Advertiser* people say, it would have been laudable. There was the inspection and friend. Chafman gave her a lesson. There was a shorter lesson learned with another woman, she said, but he gave her \$200 for an abortion. There were the "overstuffed personal items" who lived in the "poverty Hill area"; she gave birth to that, too.

As for Laura, Berlotti and Steele quoted various *Advertiser* reporters as saying they were advised to tell nothing about Laura's affair with Chafman because of rumored affairs between her and other men on the paper. In a memorandum that was apparently designed to stymie such rumors, the news and "An Act as an act to be understood about such matters, etc." Stevens apparently did have a romantic relationship with a *Advertiser* of dubiousness—a man, reportedly, a widower who was married, who was in a position to pass judgment on her work. Both have since left the paper.

Unfortunately for the paper, the piece served to spark the rumors to new areas outside the newspaper, and Steele says he has heard from several sources that women answering questions on the case, in almost always asked whether he had an affair with Laura. Stevens likes to answer that reporter and to others has been, "No, I did not."

The *Advertiser* source on the Stevens and Laura affair told the reporter that an audience of a dozen or so fell in love with Laura in New Orleans, where she worked for United Press International. The affair was open, and when she moved to the *Advertiser*, he came with her. When the affair broke up, shortly before Laura became engaged with Chafman, he went back to New Orleans, where he met his wife and started another pregnancy. He died of pancreatic and heart failure in 1978.

Which brings us to the case of ...

Although Berlotti and Steele proved in numerous thousand words that Laura and Chafman were not close when they first met, and that she was not romantically as a politician as well as in her personal life, they do not really come to a decision as to whether Fornace started her copy in her fever.

Very few reporters would admit that they ever allowed love to affect their reporting, but one reasonably frank writer does confess to just that (see *Advertisement*).

Which brings us to the case of ...

### BARTHélémy AND JERRY RAFFESCO

Author Barbara Haver was writing articles on the James Carter campaign for *New York Magazine* in 1976 when Jerry Raffesco, then editor-in-chief, gave her a lesson, Jerry Robinson. When there was a conflict for Haver, she resolved it easily. She promoted Robinson instead.

"When the chips are down, I will go with the friend. I will protect my friend,"

"I was worried that that might produce a barrier between us," she adds, "but it had worked the other way. When we got home, the only things we don't have any particular desire to talk about are health and work. And jobs are coming fast, bad and good friendless."

### OBJECTIVITY

The Philadelphia Aspinwall team to make the claim that Stevens did not do for Chafman what Steiner did for Raffesco, and that he had a hand in Laura's fall, Laura Stevens wrote balanced stories even while she had a personal conflict of interest. He cited a report written by his son political editor, Paul Critchlow, that says she has no leverage on Chafman that was not shared by all.

"An expression of her coverage of Chafman is that I am reading nothing favorable or unfavorable in it," Critchlow says. "Stevens wrote nothing about Chafman—she was and is a legitimate, colorful and polished shored operator that I have not written about in recent years."

In '73, Laura Stevens had a responsibility to stop writing about the man she would eventually consider marrying. She had a duty to inform Roberts, who had always been a fairly close friend, to caution that she had a problem covering Chafman. She did, and Philadelphia police in general. "I didn't understand," says one woman who knew her, "why she couldn't get in to see Roberts and say, 'Barbara's last night Shady and I had dinner and a little wine, and now I have a conflict of interest.'

Longtime Chafman attorney that she never heard Roberts leave about the man. Roberts only recall that in September, 1973, she asked to be taken off the published list. Instead, it was decided that she would continue covering Philadelphia politics through the election that November.

Other signs of other reporters with a love conflict have handled the matter more circumspectly. Which brings us to the case of ...

### H.E.W. OFFICIAL BEN HEINEMAN AND CHRISTINE RUSSELL

Christine Russell serves health and safety for The Washington Star. Her husband, Ben Heineman, a management assistant to Joseph Califano at the Department of Health, Education and Welfare.

Heineman says she talked with her editor about the potential conflict of interest shortly before her husband took the job in January, 1977. To protect her from criticism and also to protect the paper, they decided that another reporter would cover the department and that she would continue to cover health and nutrition.

"I was covering health and营养 before Ben was at H.E.W.," says Russell, "and he really doesn't deal with health in a direct way." And although other health reporters may question the arrangement, Heineman says, "I think it doesn't affect our health reporting activities."

"I was worried that that might produce a barrier between us," she adds, "but it had worked the other way. When we got home, the only things we don't have any particular desire to talk about are health and work. And jobs are coming fast, bad and good friendless."

### GIFTS

Of course, all Laura Stevens's indecencies and conflicts of judgment might have been forgotten had she not won two notable and publicable awards in successive years. These awards put this case of conflict of interest in the old sense that there was not only love but also money involved.

For those who know Laura to be a seemingly wise woman, one of the mysteries of her affair is why she did not accept the gifts and favors that she would probably get offered. Under normal circumstances, it would be understandable for a woman to take gifts from a man. Part of writing is giving whatever you can, which, for many of us, means a few hundred or even thousands of dollars a year.

"She kept the fax and at the back of her desk and said it's the thing," says Laura's friend Dorothy Stoen.

In all, the gifts swelled in value from \$10,000, according to Laura, to \$18,000, according to the *Advertiser*. Chafman says he had one check he got for \$10,000, three for her Morgan automobile, furniture and park. By late '78, Laura had become more than a girl friend for Chafman. The P.E.I. had begun to look on her as a Chafman commodity.

For that reason, during Chafman's trial on 100 counts of racketeering, tax evasion, mail fraud and obstruction of justice, Laura will be interviewed as a star witness to testify on what she got from him and when she got it.

The affair between Chafman and Stevens ended in 1978, after Laura was hired by The New York Times. Her new employer sent her to Washington to be a star.

Immediately, Laura had trouble fitting in with the other stars. She was mostly alone at evening events, and she had never mastered the art of Sunday chatter that dominates the Washington dinner-party circuit. Also, some of the other women resented her.

"I think I only met her once that I can remember," says Sally Quinn. "All I really recall was that she was wearing this feather hat."

But if Laura's social problems were bad, her private difficulties were worse. She had a nervous breakdown, her boyfriend "had an affair," and friends "said was inconsolable," recalls a friend. It did not help that rumors of the impending indictments kept getting stronger.

In spite of the foreboding and forewarning, Laura was unprepared for what would happen when talking to her lawyer, Billie McDowell, whose client James elated was John Dean.

When the story of Laura and Hasty broke in Philadelphia, Alan Rosenfeld at The New York Times called Chafman at his lawyer's office. The two talked for a short time, but Rosenfeld said that "she had not been a good person" and that "she doesn't seem to be a good person by looking at her." Rosenfeld made a now famous comment about the case in view of the case: "It's okay to catch elephants—just don't cover the circus."

What happened next is a matter of dispute between Rosenfeld and Laura's lawyer, Dorothy Stoen. According to the lawyer, she told her that she was resigning for two reasons. One, she had not told The Times about the Chafman conflict; two, The Times was embarrassing at the time about the hiring one of their best defense lawyers. Laura wouldn't say to have any reason of its own.

Rosenfeld's version is that he and the editor of The Times tried to find a way to keep Laura on the paper, but it became increasingly clear that they could not. Rosenfeld agreed that she could not work with "W. T. C." says Stoen. "So maybe she would go to McNamee. So what is that supposed to mean, that everybody in Washington had to be official but everybody in New York didn't?" Laura had gotten herself in a position where she couldn't cover any stories that she chose to write about. It was a question of a journalistic, readerlike relationship with a major political person whom she was writing about. It had nothing to do with sexual morality. I'm not in love parents for myself, but I'm not the guardian of the reputation of The Times."

What lower McDowell and Rosenfeld do agree on is that on September 18, Laura abruptly resigned. On September 19, a friend called her to ask if she was having fun under the strain. In the conversation, she asked Laura, "Are you still here?" "They're still here," Laura responded. Her parents were eating dinner at the time. On September 24, Laura Stevens checked into the Washington Psychiatric Institute with an emotional collapse.

By mid-October, she was out of the hospital and looking for a job, even though McDowell was using what

You can tell a lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.



The "Whistler" glass created by the Whistler Collection by Harry Wilson.  
A 1976 Oscar-winner for Best Director, Sir George Cukor, is a fan of the brand.

# Why a Man's Magazine Now? Because There Isn't One, That's Why

Recently we purchased Esquire magazine, which, since it was started almost forty-five years ago, has been one of the finest and most innovative magazines published. It has a great literary and journalistic heritage, a proud tradition of quality writing and reporting and handsome and ground-breaking graphics and visual design. Like any magazine this old and there are fewer than you might think whose inherent strength has kept them alive the long, Esquire has gone through many changes over the years, some of them bittersweet, glory years and others years during which the magazine was, frankly, almost asleep.

At the time we took over Esquire, we were asked the question "What are you going to do with it?" The answer is, we are going to take it back to basics, back to being a literate, sophisticated and useful mens' magazine. Because there isn't one, and the American man needs one now more than ever before.

## The Need

Let us say right away what we do not mean by "a man's magazine". Esquire will certainly not be another skin magazine. It will deal with the real and rapidly changing world of the American man, the

man who lives in the world of government, business, sports, the arts, and also simultaneously, in the world of women and children, parents and families.

What are the bases to which we refer? The leftist founding editorial Esquire magazine, Arnold Gingrich, articulated his editorial philosophy in a famous essay, "The Art of Living and the New Leisure." In it he laid out this groundwork: "The New Deal has given society a new economic equilibrium and the five-day week has become not merely every man's right but virtually every man's duty. More time to read, more time to indulge in hobbies, to play, to get out of town... Men have half leisure thrust upon them... Many of them—perhaps even the majority—haven't the faintest idea of how to go about it. What more opportune time for the appearance of a new magazine—a new kind of magazine... dedicated to the improvement of the new leisure."

The title of history proved Gingrich right and the success of Esquire was the result. Now, the American man faces a new period in his development. He faces both new challenges and new opportunities. As one of our writers, Nona Ephron, noted: "For ten years all we have been hearing is how tough it is to be a woman. The truth is, it has always been tougher to be a man." With the continuing expansion of the "new

leisure" that Gingrich wrote about and with other enormous political and demographic changes has come a new definition of what it means to be a successful man.

If it is still an easy setting out the new Esquire editorial position were written today, it might be entitled "The American Man and the New Leisure." Because men are now demanding more out of life than professional success. There is an increasing recognition that life must be better balanced between achievement in their professional and personal lives. In short, the American man is demanding more out of life and yet doesn't quite know how to get it. He is searching for an integration of working and leisure, for ways to achieve the traditional goals of professional accomplishment, affluence and respect along with a richness in his private world. He is expressing a need to break out of conventional career anchors, to find ways of working and living with the new woman, to show his caring about children, and to feel at home in the world.

Man's new role—how it has changed, how it respects its essential strengths—will be the focus of the new Esquire.

We intend the new Esquire to be the cutting edge in this search, to act as a forum for the intelligent examination of positive innovations in the quality of life of the pace-setting man.

## The Method

We are reenvisioning Esquire First, by identifying the elements that are working in the present formula and strengthening them greatly. Next, by getting rid of those parts that are weak and out-of-date.

Come mid February, the new Esquire will appear fortnightly. Thus, our material will be more timely than that of any monthly and run through than that of any weekly.

The new Esquire will be easier to read and easier to read. Articles will be shorter and will no longer ring in the back of the book. Continuous reading is mandatory for any modern magazine, and if we aspire to anything, it's moderation. So much for mechanics.

## The Material

By definition, the male readers of the new Esquire are active, successful decision makers, the elite of American affairs. We will be examining examples of the kind of man whose life and work and style set standards to be emulated, whether in business, government, sports, the arts, life in general or the life of the mind. We will be looking for the heroes of today, the exemplars, the men who have made it on their own terms, the men who have broken the system.

By examining major events and trends through the lenses at the center of today's action, the new Esquire will become, in effect, a new kind of newsmagazine. By examining the vital interests of the new man in greater depth than the weekly newsmagazines do, the fortnightly Esquire can better serve both the career and personal aspects of his life.

And by hooking on to the differences of the news, by studying the kind of information this man not only enjoys intellectually but needs in the conduct of his day-to-day affairs,

the new Esquire will take on a renewed vitality and importance.

We want to be honest and sensible. To achieve this, we are going to the right kind of reporters for the right kind of information. For instance, both Marshall Reeves and Aaron Latham will report on the national political scene from Washington. Nona Ephron will contribute insights on the national cultural scene from everywhere. Adam Smith, author of *The Money Game*, will write about money and power in the world, as will Andrew Tolman, one of the finest business affairs writers in America. Physician author Gal Sheehan will write on behavioral and political subjects. Peter Bergmanstein will write on Hollywood. John Simon on the English language. Ben Ames and Groot on wine. Stephen Bleshman on travel. Alfred Kahn on the Internet world, plus many more.

Men's service features will take on a new meaning in our pages, based on the conviction that the quality of themselves makes a man's worth in the world. Each issue will deliver fresh, practical information and counsel to men on as broad a range of relevant subjects as possible, including home design (Esquire has hired its first home furnishings editor), health and fitness, fashion, grooming, investing, income management, etcetera. Of course, Esquire has always been supportive of the arts and will continue to export on, and show in lavish color illustrations, the best cultural activities.

Hemingway, Fitzgerald, Dos Passos, Nabokov, Mailer... the list of major authors associated with Esquire goes on and on, and this great literary tradition will be most emphatically carried on. New writing by such eminent scholars as Thomas Caputo, William Styron and others is already in the works. Likewise the writing of newly emerging talents, Esquire will continue to seek them and provide the editorial climate in which they can do their best work.

## The Civilizing Function

Since Esquire's inception, its most vital tradition has been its function as the润滑剂, knowledge/guide magazine that sets and upholds standards by which men live and work. That is, to perform that highest mission of all publication of quality—the civilizing function.

The very name itself, Esquire, connotes the civilized man, man of rank... the gentleman.

Accordingly, the new Esquire takes a civilizational mission the civilizing function for today's professional or managerial men—the new American gentleman.

To become fully possible to him to become his magazine, Esquire must do no less than become the greatest magazine for men published anywhere. Which is precisely what we intend to accomplish.

The making of the new Esquire promises to be a most exciting and rewarding adventure, and we cordially invite you to join us in it.

*Clay Felker*  
Clay Felker, editor

*Milton Glaser*  
Milton Glaser, design director



**Esquire**

*The magazine for  
the new American man*

legal tasks were available to get her job here at the *Times*, including editorial, press agent and, if necessary, recruiting staff.

"She didn't do anything wrong as The New York Times. They fired her illegally, and I'm ready to do something about it. All her friends are telling her to sue. The New York Times and its owner put a lot of money into government or magazine in the country," said McQuade, obviously relishing another point with the establishment.

"I say that we can't be afraid to fight. The New York Times, I've come to realize, is a very nice set of bunches. After all, that's what I'm not going to wait until he comes to justice."

Rosenthal, on hearing the comment, replied: "He may be a lot smarter, but he's also a lot simpler."

Whatever happens on the Laura Flanders case in the courtroom, or in the various law enforcement offices, it will still leave several unanswered questions—the man's being. What would have happened if Laura had been a man and Shirley had been a woman?

The answer is a little hazy, but not impossible. If the man had been Shirley, he would have earned \$10,000 a year, which he wrote about—here or no here—he would be in trouble. He would have had a hard time convincing an editor that it was not a hobby, and in this case a man might have found himself in trouble.

As for Shirley with the subject of status, however, there is little doubt that even very recently a male reporter who took a female source as subject had hardly scored with more than a good story.

One female reporter I talked to was particularly bitter about what she viewed as a clearly journalistic standard. Her passion about this subject may have been heightened by the noticeable gawping that has occurred since her.

Which brings us to the end of . . .

#### NEA TWENTIETH AND THE SUPREME COURT

Nina Totenberg, a reporter for National Public Radio, broke the story that the Supreme Court would hear the appeal of John Mitchell, John Ehrlichman and H.R. Haldeman. After she had sensed all but another reporter, Totenberg faced a battery of criticism that she was too close to Supreme Court Justice Potter Stewart. Even though it was understood that she would do it they learned that their mutual friend, Senator George McGovern, was staying with the President and was about to find out some fencing bit of news in a few weeks. One day that the woman would have to start covering some other area. Another, however, suggested that although she would have more to do in the short heat, maybe the chance could be a few weeks.

"If somebody on my staff got a story by sleeping with somebody else," says one editor outside Washington.

"I'd use the information I just wouldn't let them write it."

"It's not personal and I won't talk about it," says Totenberg. "However, I never had a serious boyfriend in government which I have assured [that] if men say they don't sleep with people to get stories, I say bullshit. I've seen too many anomalies in this town talk about how the men talk to them and

what goes through their heads when they try to get them to get their information. It's secret, but a Washington, D.C., season is a fact of life."

Which in turn brings us to the end of . . .

#### JAY McMULLEN AND THE MATTERS LADY

Perhaps the most direct example of a case involving a male reporter and a woman in power concerns Jay McMullen, who covered Chicago city hall for twenty-three years for the *Chicago Daily News*. In the past four years he has written a lot more about women than men, according to the real estate beat he shared with Mrs. Jean Byrne, Mayor Daley's right-hand woman. They did not hide their romance and McMullen did not hesitate about putting her name in print, especially favorably:

"I used to be rapidly entering an age where I am old enough to be assigned to Work with strange bedfellows. When men are young, get together, they do things. They are supposed to do what men and women have always done when they get together any other way. They are going to fall in love, have affairs and get married. When they get married, the outlets of affection are usually oral. Women are more promiscuous; everybody knows who their liaisons are. It's official."

Also, the married couple I talked to seemed to be finding some kind of formula for coitus with members of government. In fairly modern matrimony, the two seem to be able to get along with their wives who have stayed out territories. In less modern ones, like the one between Senator Jacob Javits (R-New York) and his wife, Marion, there is a simpler method of resolving the conflict. The woman gives up her job.

"But I don't get all that new amorousness shit," McMullen continued, obviously referring to the subject. "I've seen some girls who were really good at what they did. I mean, I think Shirley [Ehrlichman] who you keep getting stories from press conferences—she was a star. When I could roll over in bed in the morning and scoop the [Chicago] Tribune. Anybody who wouldn't score a dame for a story is a disgrace to the paper."

#### QUESTIONS

In Washington, they tend to put it a little differently. At a recent dinner party, several editors were asked what they would do if they learned that their wife, Helen, had been having an affair with the President and was about to find out some fencing bit of news in a few weeks. One day that the woman would have to start covering some other area. Another, however, suggested that although she would have more to do in the short heat, maybe the chance could be a few weeks.

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what goes through their heads when they try to get them to get their information. It's secret, but a Washington, D.C., season is a fact of life."

"The guy's a sinner. I mean, he's a goddamn sinner," McMullen says.

Mark Shields, a Washington journalist and editor of the *Washington Post*, offers the assessment of the Firearms Control Act: "I feel it's hard to believe that if it had been Eliot Richardson or Richardson's successor as some other WAPF who parts his pants in the saddle, that there would be a hue and cry all around. There won't be any freedom of the press until we get rid of gun control."

We seem to be rapidly entering an age where I am old enough to be assigned to Work with strange bedfellows. When men are young, get together, they do things. They are supposed to do what men and women have always done when they get together any other way. They are going to fall in love, have affairs and get married. When they get married, the outlets of affection are usually oral. Women are more promiscuous; everybody knows who their liaisons are. It's official."

When we got up to Washington, we were told that we would get together, that any editor who did not eat out with women had always done when they get together any other way. They are going to fall in love, have affairs and get married. When they get married, the outlets of affection are usually oral. Women are more promiscuous; everybody knows who their liaisons are. It's official."

Also, the married couple I talked to seemed to be finding some kind of formula for coitus with members of government. In fairly modern matrimony, the two seem to be able to get along with their wives who have stayed out territories. In less modern ones, like the one between Senator Jacob Javits (R-New York) and his wife, Marion, there is a simpler method of resolving the conflict. The woman gives up her job.

"But I don't get all that new amorousness shit," McMullen continued, obviously referring to the subject. "I've seen some girls who were really good at what they did. I mean, I think Shirley [Ehrlichman] who you keep getting stories from press conferences—she was a star. When I could roll over in bed in the morning and scoop the [Chicago] Tribune. Anybody who wouldn't score a dame for a story is a disgrace to the paper."

"If somebody on my staff got a story by sleeping with somebody else," says one editor outside Washington.

"I'd use the information I just wouldn't let them write it."

"It's not personal and I won't talk about it," says Totenberg. "However, I never had a serious boyfriend in government which I have assured [that] if men say they don't sleep with people to get stories, I say bullshit. I've seen too many anomalies in this town talk about how the men talk to them and

what goes through their heads when they try to get them to get their information. It's secret, but a Washington, D.C., season is a fact of life."

"The guy's a sinner. I mean, he's a goddamn sinner," McMullen says.

Mark Shields, a Washington journalist and editor of the *Washington Post*, offers the assessment of the Firearms Control Act: "I feel it's hard to believe that if it had been Eliot Richardson or Richardson's successor as some other WAPF who parts his pants in the saddle, that there would be a hue and cry all around. There won't be any freedom of the press until we get rid of gun control."

We seem to be rapidly entering an age where I am old enough to be assigned to Work with strange bedfellows. When men are young, get together, they do things. They are supposed to do what men and women have always done when they get together any other way. They are going to fall in love, have affairs and get married. When they get married, the outlets of affection are usually oral. Women are more promiscuous; everybody knows who their liaisons are. It's official."

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suspected that he wanted to go to President of the United States. What Davis has near for him, California and vice versa? It's put a different way of looking at the world.

It's the California way, said Richard Wald, whether an environmental or political "The entertainment people in television, the movie studios, and the media for a large portion, they're looking for all the audience," said the former NBC executive. "That kind of thinking, mass thinking, changes the way you operate. Old politicians were looking for part of the audience, not a coalition. They were looking at problems and trying to make the problems problems for many of you. I'd represent you in dealing with it. The new politicians are looking for shields. They float above the problems. They strike responsive chords. What they really want to do is cloud our minds."

"It's always like a better idea," Wald said. "Californians, the idea of the place. You want to surrender to it." Sweet surrender. Like the whalers, New England men, who named ship when they first saw the charming sweetness of Hawaii in the early nineteenth century. Paradise. Of course, most of them became drunkards, backstabbers and pirates.

Some folks just can't handle paradise. Some could not handle Utopia, and that "some," I suspect, includes most of the country. There is something Midwestern about utopias, and that's very much like the way we think about Davis, Jerry City and all but one of the United States. "There is no stable agricultural tradition in California except gigantism," wrote Kevin Starr in 1972. California, wrote James Bryce, the great English writer, in 1888, are "impudent, bold, ready to try novelties, even, if perchance, remedies for a peasant evil."

What is the present still to Californians? Everywhere east of the Sierra Nevada, according to an interesting history of the state by the late George Calabrook, a Berkeley editor who originally published the book privately in 1976. The story is set in San Francisco, the capital of Utopia, which used to be part of the United States until everything west of the Sierras and north of Santa Barbara escaped in 1850 to form a little-known island New York journalist named William Weston, the first American state independence to visit the new nation, is reporting back home about a country with a stable-state ecology (freedom of everybody), no internal-combustion engines and a two-story workshop with warrioress kettles.

"General impression: a lot of Bertie-aux-lait-like old-timers, wimpy, God-forsaken characters come to life. God knows we have plenty of freaky-looking people in New York, but their frivolousness is affectation, crazy theatrical—a way of showing off. The East Coast is dead and done. Depression often strikes around, but not crazy looking or scared . . . , people seem to be very loose and playful with each other, as if they had nothing

on their hands to explore whatever possibilities might come along."

"Feeling that they should transport their ladies only when it's a pleasure, they seldom travel 'for business' in our manner."

"What was at stake, I believe, Rutherford said, was nothing less than the reversion of the President of the United States to the status quo ante, to isolate the country from the competition of barrier working peoples. . . . The predominant implications of the dependent workmen were psychological and biological: mankind, the Rutherford asserted, was not meant for propagation, as the aristocrats and inventors of the United States had been. Instead, human beings meant to take their modest place in a universe, which etched a web of living organisms, dotting the web as little as possible . . . ."

"Man goes absolutely no hope for retribution, now or ever. . . . On every major social index Rutherford would lose

by propagation . . . the problem is how the United States can follow Rutherford's lead, not vice versa."

Reporter Weston, skeptical at first, finally surrendered in a concession letter, sending a note to his editor: "I've decided not to come back, Max. . . . Thank you for sending me on our assignment when neither you nor I know where it might lead. It led me home."

Why mention all this? Rutherford is the latest required reading around the government of California's office. Calabrook, who really does have some lively ideas, along with Ray Bradbury and Ken Kesey, has been given a copy of Rutherford's biography and much more.

You ready for that? Not me. We realize how hard I try to believe, every time Jerry Brown starts talking about planetary evolution, I hear those Disneyland pages saying, "It's a small world, after all. It's a small world."

—W



"Hetros, bians, deservial—obtenebris. Loucurif, hoary, you're fifty-one years old, be assoozing!"

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# Merit Changing High Tar Minds.

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'Enriched Flavor' tobacco convincing increasing numbers of high tar smokers to make low tar move.

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MERIT continues to attract 75% of all its smokers directly from high tar cigarettes. Many from brands they've been enjoying for years.

That's the latest report on 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco and the impact it's having on the cigarette market.

Smokers who thought they'd never find a low tar cigarette with enough taste to switch to are changing their minds.

And their brands.

The taste tests show why.



LOW TAR-'ENRICHED FLAVOR'

#### Tests Convince Smokers

MERIT and MERIT 100's were packed with 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And taste-tested against a number of higher tar cigarettes.

Overall, smokers reported they liked the taste of both MERIT and MERIT 100's as much as the taste of the higher tar cigarettes tested.

Cigarettes having up to 60% more tar!

Only one cigarette has 'Enriched Flavor' tobacco. And you can taste it.

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Kings: 8 mg "tar," 0.6 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug '77  
100's: 12 mg "tar," 0.9 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined  
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

# MERIT

Kings & 100's